

THE WAR CRY.

AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA & NEWFOUNDLAND

23rd Year. No. 45.

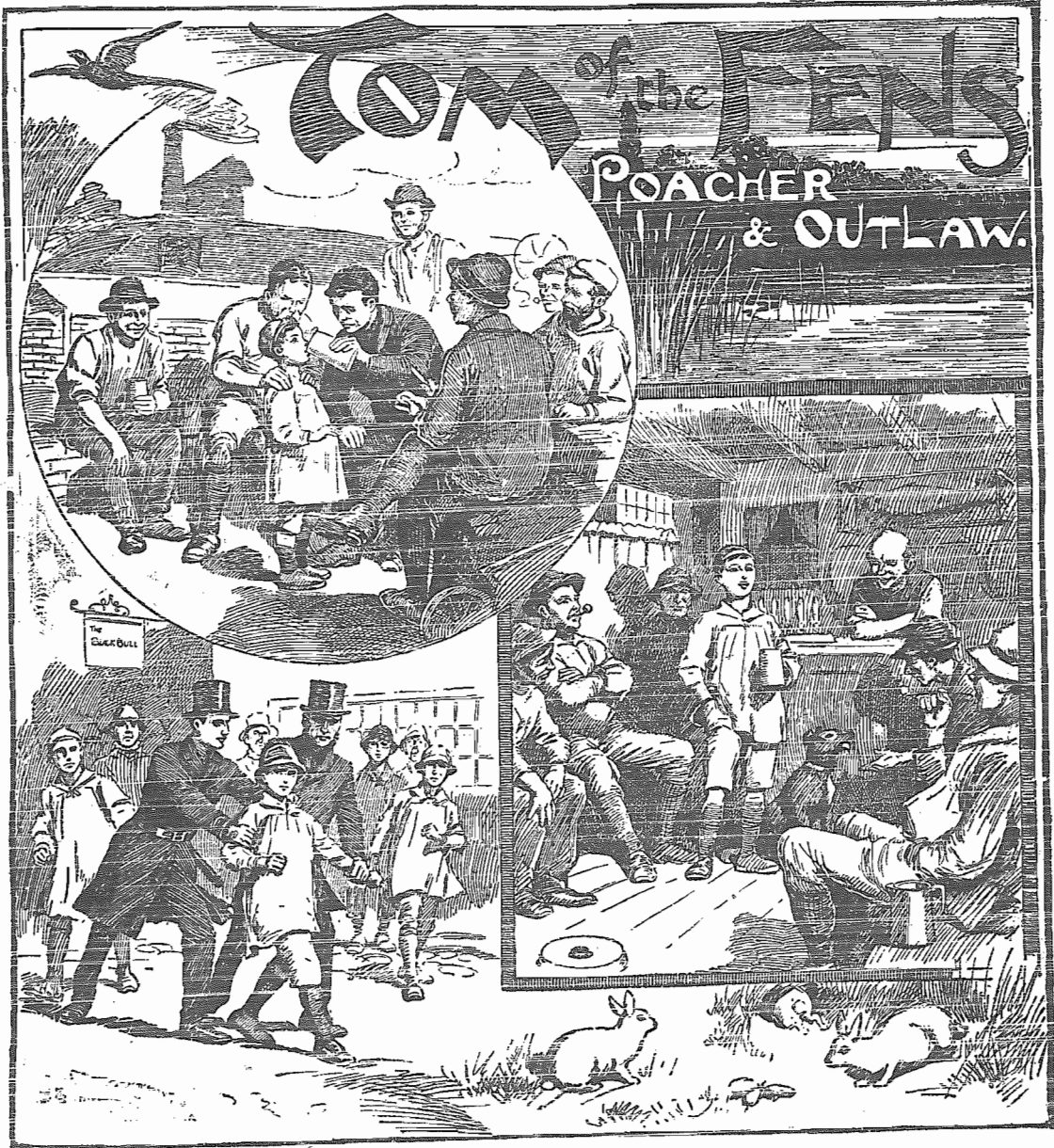
WILLIAM BOOTH
Gen. ed.

TORONTO, AUGUST 10, 1907.

THOMAS R. COCHRAN,
Commissioner.

Price, 5 Cents.

Our New Serial Begins This Week.



1. In terror Tom gulped down the contents of the can, amid much laughter on the part of the men. 2. Taken into custody for resisting the law, Tom is marched off to jail between two village constables. 3. At twelve years of age, Tom smoked and drank, and sang questionable songs in the village ale-house.

(See page 3.)

Cutlets from Our Contemporaries

PRISON VISITATION IN TRANSVAAL

A Bi-Lingual Service.

It there is one branch of work in Potchefstroom that is interesting, and bringing in its train great blessing, it is the prison visitation. Every Sunday morning we present ourselves at the main entrance of the prison, at a quarter past ten o'clock. The courteous jailer has always a cheery "good morning" for us. We are shown into his office, where we sign our names; and from thence are ushered into the lofty octagonal-shaped dining hall, about sixty feet in height. Here we are struck with the extreme cleanliness of the whole place. At the far end, ranged against the wall, are rows of shining food-buckets, while along the side is a trestle-table. At the back of the hall, behind the seats for the white prisoners, are benches for the natives, of whom not a few attend our services. The attendance varies in accordance with the number in the jail. At present there are not so many, as several have been transferred to the new prison at Pretoria, but as many as ninety have attended at one time. The service is conducted in Dutch and English. Brother Gottschalk taking the Dutch part and your correspondent the English. Several conversions have taken place at these meetings at different times. The men listen attentively, and the warden testifies that some of them are very earnest and sincere.—South African Cry.

AN ALLEGORY FROM THE HAY.

What a Visitor to the Colony Thought.

The wintry aspect of the place in November tells of the hardened heart of the prodigal—almost ready for the breaking point of spring.

The tender breezes and gentle showers of April and May, spreading a kindly mist over the Colony and softening down the hard lines of the world outside, tell the Colonist that the road before him need not all be thorns and briars, if he will but choose a path of truth and honesty.

Autumn has its allegory too. The

fruit gathered in is a bitter contrast to the harvest some of the men have begun to reap, while summer, even if it be such a strange melody as the summer of 1907, is rich in parables and symbols. What more fitting illustration of the rough and tumble of life, as pictured in the Colony, can be drawn than the one which suggests itself unbidden, at the sight of a field of hay-makers, busily engaged in raking, tossing, turning and stacking the dried harvest of the fields? Pasture, unresisting, careless, the grass exists in the fields in a very similar fashion to the manner of life in which the average unskilled boy-messenger or errand-lad matures into manhood. Then the relentless scythe of trade depression, or the close-cutting reaping machine of "reduction of expenses" suddenly cuts him down. Thenceforward he is to be tossed about from casual job to shelter, from shelter to coddling, from coddling to workhouse, from workhouse to street, until at last, dried by the sun of experience, or rotted by the rains of sin, he is landed, a brittle wisp of clover, at the Army's door.—Social Gazette.

DON'T LET THE FIRE OUT.

A Hint at Spiritual Stoking.

Some years ago, while traveling on the train in America with the General, he called several of us to him and said:

"Take heed of the fire in your own hearts, for the tendency of fire is to go out."

This is certainly true, and yet, the fire will never go out if the following precautions are taken:—

1. Keep the draughts open.
2. Clear out the ashes and clinkers.
3. Pile on plenty of fuel.

Of course, we must first get the fire—the fire of love and assurance. If we have lost it we must wait on God until we obtain it, again.

And, having the fire, we must keep the draughts open. That is, we must testify, not simply talk about religion, but testify to what Jesus Christ has done in our hearts; testify joyously; testify definitely, not mistaking exhortation and 'scolding' of other people for the testimony of our own

other readers who would appreciate any useful thoughts and ideas on this subject.

We enter into full accord with our friend, as to the importance of the home life. The home was the first divine institution, and the home question is one of supreme consideration in this twentieth century.

The true, but never failing aphorism, "A river cannot rise above its source," is applicable to the training of citizens, and the consensus of opinion of the deepest thinkers, is that right principles must be established in early life. Some one has said, "The home is the centre of all that is best in civilization."

The power of the nation is not vested in its naval and military appointments, the size of its warships, the numerical strength of its cavalry, artillery and infantry, nor is it to be found only in the influence of its commercial and political relationship to other nations. The educational facilities are important to its moral and temporal success, but the real source of its strength lies in the purity of the home-life of its citizens.

"Example is better than precept," for what the parent is, the child will strive to be. One of the most pitiful sights I have ever seen comes vividly

personal glad experience.

Again, we must keep the ashes out of the way.—The Field Officer.

MRS. BOOTH ON DRUNKENNESS.

A Typical Case.

The wife and children of the drunkard, have you ever pictured them? You have probably never visited them. Let me give you a typical case. One of our Slum Officers found a family absolutely destitute through the husband's drunkenness. He spends all his earnings in drink, and tumbles into the little hovel of a home about 2 a. m. The wife was lying dead when our Officer called, and the doctor had refused to give a death certificate without being paid 4s. 6d. Therefore, the poor thing had lain from Wednesday until Saturday, at the end of which time, she was taken to the mortuary in a terrible condition, being covered with vermin! The sheet lent to cover the body, had to be buried. This poor mother left four children. One is a soldier abroad; the next, a girl of fourteen, has been brought to our Receiving House at 259 Mare Street; the boy of eleven has been put into a boys' home; and the youngest, a girl of four, was brought to the Slum Settlement to be washed and cleansed. She was in such a condition that all her hair had to be cut off, and the rags she was wearing burned. The child is now being nursed for by one of our Slum Soldiers, until something permanent can be arranged for her.

There are perhaps no beings on the face of God's green earth, more to be commiserated, than children, one or other of whose parents is given to drink, and in the very warp and woof of whose nature has thus been implanted the ghastly appetite for this dreadful stuff.—The Deliverer.

TO FAITH ADD GOODNESS.

The Knight and His Oath.

Religion cannot be separate from the moral life. Those who are joined to Christ in living fellowship have the

power to overcome sin; by a life of goodness they bear witness to the sincerity of their faith. They turn from everything selfish, injurious to others, or sinful either to God or man, which constitutes the highest virtue. There is also here a suggestion of chivalry. The Knight of olden time took an oath to protect the distressed, maintain the cause of right against might, to defend the oppressed, and never, by word or deed, to stain his character. This is the meaning of "goodness."

Himself unstained in heart, the follower of Jesus Christ surrenders himself to purity and truth, vowing before his Saviour his determination to make the utmost of his life for God and man. To the primal stock of faith, let there be added true valor.—All the World.

ADVANTAGES OF UNIFORM.

How a Lassie Got a Bonnet.

She was just a timid recruit, and the vexed question of uniform troubled her considerably—not that she was unwilling to foist every row she had made at the Mercy Seat, or that she suffered greatly from fear. She was rather uncertain whether the donning of the uniform could in any way help extend the Kingdom of God.

The answer to her questioning came in an unmistakable manner:

Among the converts who testified that day was a man who had previously held an honored position in the town. But drink and gambling had reduced him to poverty, had caused his wife and children to leave him, and he became an outcast—a wanderer.

The pith of his testimony was this: "One Sunday morning, after spending the previous night in the open park, I saw a woman wearing an Army bonnet going along the street. I followed her, and came into this Hall, where I found the prayer meeting in progress. Here I sought pardon for my guilty past. Hallelujah! It was the bonnet that attracted me!"

Needless to say, the halting convert hesitated no longer. She ordered an Army bonnet there and then.—British War Cry.

The Praying League

Special Praying Topic: Pray for success of all Summer Conventions, Tent and Camp Meetings.

- Sunday, Aug. 11.—Solomon's Special Work. 1. Chron. xxviii. 1-20.
Monday, Aug. 12.—Magnificent Giving. 1. Chron. xxix. 1-12.
Tuesday, Aug. 13.—The Coronation Feast. 1. Chron. xxix. 13-25.
Wednesday, Aug. 14.—David's Last Words. 1. Kings ii. 1-10; iii. 1-3.
Thursday, Aug. 15.—Wine Request. 1. Kings iii. 4-5.
Friday, Aug. 16.—Solomon's House-keeping. 1. Kings iv. 21-34; v. 1.
Saturday Aug. 17.—Busy Workers. 1. Kings v. 2-19.

HOME, SWEET HOME!

By Mrs. Blanche Johnston.

An old friend of mine, who now has several little ones in her home-nest—a good mother, who is very anxious to seek the best interests of her children, in their training—writes to say that she would like some helpful advice on this subject given in the Prayer League Column. She is sure that there are many Prayer Leaguers and

before my mind as I write. In a service I was conducting in the Mercer Reformatory, Ontario's Penal Institution for Women, sat a mother and three daughters! It was a sight to break one's heart, and make the angels weep.

Fortify the Citadel of the Home.

Our Empire has never withstood her nobler sons or the wealth of her treasury to defend her interest. We welcomed with loud acclaim, our brave heroes, who, in the late South African war, rose to the emergency of their Empire's need, and have returned to their native land covered with international glory, but how little, in the peaceful environment of our fair land, we realize all the real horrors of that war, and what our soldiers have suffered. So, there are thousands to-day, within the sheltered precincts of Christian homes, who do not understand or comprehend the dangers to be faced upon the battle-field, nor the dark subtleties of the home's enemies, and the real peril to their loved ones.

No mother writhes with tender love, the bundle of dainty lace and muslins, so sweetly sleeping in the cosy nursery, where nothing is spared that affection can suggest, or money purchase, dreams that her child may go

astray. No father, who marks with parental pride, the development of his sturdy, bright little son, imagines the possibility of the little one lapsing into the ways of evil. The mother looks forward to the day when the sweet baby will blossom into fair girlhood, and the father anticipates the time when the son will be the sharer of his ambitions and bring about the realization of all his proudest hopes. Fathers and mothers should take the trouble to know the weak points of the children as well as their strong points, take an interest in their joys and sorrows—they are very real and important to them. Keep the confidence of your children, know their companions, watch over what they read, realize the importance of little things, do not let them get beyond our influence, pray with them about their sins and perplexities, be your child's ideal.

Parents should keep the confidence of their boys and girls. One of the saddest remarks a mother can make is "I must let it go and win my boy (or girl's) confidence." She should never lose it. However busily occupied a mother may be, she should always have time to give to the children, to hear their joys and sorrows, hopes and fears, victories and defeats!

To be continued.

OUR NEW
SERIAL

TOM OF THE FENS

POACHER
& OUTLAW

EDITOR'S NOTE.—This is the first instalment of the life story of one of the most remarkable characters that has ever been born again at the foot of the Cross. Incidentally it throws an interesting light on a fascinating locality and a curious type of British peasantry. We advise all our readers to start at the beginning of this tale, which deals with

Tom's boyhood and the incident that brought him fourteen days.

CHAPTER I.
FROM CRADLE TO PRISON.

SOMEWHERE back in the seventeenth century, Sir Isaac Newton was born at Colsterworth, Lincoln, and it was in that picturesque village that the lad, whom we shall henceforth know as Tom of the Fens, first saw the light. The farmer is said to have discovered what he called the law of gravitation, by means of careful and persistent scientific research; and, at the early age of nine years, carved a sun dial, which may still be seen in the village church. Before our Tom had reached his ninth year he was giving daily proof that man, that is born of woman, left to himself, and surrounded by untoward circumstances, very soon come under the law which Newton was at such pains to discover.

Tom is seven years old when we make his acquaintance, and, baby though he be, has reached a very important stage in his career. To-morrow he is to take his place among those who earn their bread by the sweat of their brow. At first Tom's mother had objected that it did seem "main early to breech the lad," but her scruples were soon overcome by her husband. When a man has to keep a family of seven on an income of \$2.75 a week, it is natural he should seize every available opportunity of supplementing that income.

Wanted—A Lad!

Maister Moseley down at the brick-yard was wanting a little lad to fettle (scrape) bricks, and, being a member of the little Methodist Chapel, which Tom and his parents attended, and which represented Ark, Law and Gospel to the good couple, it was natural his thoughts and glances should turn in the direction of the pew containing little Tom, the crown of whose poll alone gave evidence of his presence in the sanctuary. "To be seen and not heard" was the law of those days with regard to children; and perhaps it was some dim consciousness on the part of young Tom, that he was not living up to his privileges, which made him, from time to time, raise himself for a few brief seconds above the confines of the straight-backed pew, disappearing again from view as suddenly as he had arisen. It was one of these acrobatic attempts "to be seen of men," which brought Tom within range of Maister Moseley's vision, and sealed his fate, so far as untoward circumstances went. How much these same circumstances had to do with what followed, it would take a wise head than ours to show, but there can be no doubt that they played some part in much that followed.

A Swaggering Demeanor.

It did not take long to arrange matters between Maister Moseley and Tom's father. But it took longer for Tom's mother to evolve a pair of breeches for the boy, out of an old pair of his father's, and so frequent were the calls made upon Tom's small person in the matter of "trying on" that our hero soon mastered the situation, becoming very important in consequence. Education did not flourish at Colsterworth in those days, and

Tom had never been to school; but, during the week which preceded his transference from the village playground (a venerable pump) to Maister Moseley's brickyard, he contrived to make himself very important in the eyes of his playmates. As the day for making his debut as a day laborer drew near, Tom began to realize his position, and began asking himself how he should manage without leap-frog, marbles, and bird-nesting, together with many other things dear to the hearts of village boys. The thought oppressed him, and made him almost melancholy, and, when a delicate-looking boy, with large, wondering blue eyes, upon whom the swaggering importance of Tom's demeanor had made a great impression, approached him and said, "An' ye be goin' t' Maister Moseley's in 't' mornin', Tom?" He forgot to swell out his chest, as he had been doing all that week, and replied, cautiously, "I'm 'appen I am."

At Eight Cents a Week.

The eventful morning came at last, and Tom, very uncomfortable in his newly-made trousers, presented himself among the hands employed at Maister Moseley's brickyard, and was soon initiated into the art of fettle bricks. The importance of his position supported him till dinner time, and after dinner he found comfort in the thought that he was earning wages (eight cents a week), and that it was just possible this addition to the weekly income would justify the addition of sugar to his porridge. Never having been to school, Tom was quite ignorant of arithmetic, consequently, the fact that sugar cost twenty-five cents a pound in no way interfered with his dream.

The Fen folk have ever been a sturdy and a cheerful race, though strangely lacking in imagination and reverence for nature and the unseen. No doubt this was partly due to the fact that while the beauty of the Fen's rich plains, rolling uplands, and boundless expanse, fostered in man a delicious love of freedom, there was nothing in his surroundings to teach him the limit of his powers. The Nature with which he was familiar did not suggest worship, and without some sort of respect for Nature, there is seldom much reverence for the God of Nature, unless religion supply the lack.

This self-sufficiency, which is supposed to have led to the deterioration of the race, found a powerful ally in the dampness of the climate and the reeking exhalations which called up fever and ague, enervating and tempting to reckless drinking, such as obtained where our story opens.

A Drunken Lot.

Little Tom had not been long at the brick-yard before he was made aware that the men about him were different from his father, a sober-minded, industrious workman, who served God according to his light, and never interfered with his neighbors. From the youngest to the eldest they drank as much beer as they could get, and before very long resented the presence of a lad who cared nothing for the god they worshipped, and who, though he had never tasted the stuff which the men had considered so necessary,

was a well-grown lad, and promised to rival them in muscle and physical vigor generally. One day the men agreed, by common consent, to do away once for all with the approach within their borders. Young Tom must learn to drink his share of ale, or they would know the reason why.

"Look here, young Tom," said a man old enough to be Tom's father, one dinner-hour, "yer say ye've no mind for beer; but how can yer know that w'out yer taste it? Come, gie us thy can an' we'll gie thee summit better 'an tea-bowled." Seeing Tom hesitate, a loose-jointed, long-limbed youth took hold of his arm, and drew him towards the speaker. Then, in spite of his protestations and appeals, a beer-can was held to his lips, while partly in terror, and partly convinced by the man's argument, he gulped down the contents of the can, amid much laughter and many encouraging cheers from the men.

Laughed in Drinking.

It was a pitiful sight, and would no doubt have been prevented had Tom's father been at hand. As it was, he was working on the roads, intent upon them, and upon last Sunday's predicament, quite unconscious of the fate that was overtaking his son. The poor boy went through all the nausea and discomfort natural to a boy who had never known the taste of beer; but fear of the men's derision, and certain promises held out to him by the younger members of the gang, made him persevere in what was really very distasteful, as well as compelled him to keep his own counsel so far as his parents were concerned.

Although Tom's father and mother were pious folk, and loved their child after their fashion, they made no direct personal effort to get him saved. That he would be converted some day, and march with them to Zion, they did not doubt, and from time to time that was the burden of their prayers; but, somehow, they never connected the present with what was to be, trusting God with their own share of the responsibility for Tom's conversion in addition to His own.

A Twelve-Year-Old Poacher.

With little about them to refine or lift the soul, Tom's parents, but for religion, must have shared in the dull brutality which characterizes such a large number of the lowland population in England. As it was, their religion was too colorless to be of much use to anyone in Tom's position, and their creed too illogical and undefined to themselves to be intelligible to anyone else. Faith in God it was which preserved them from the vices around them, but it was too one-sided to include the unconverted members of their family. They must pray, and wait the Lord's good time, was what they told themselves, whilst the devil, to whom all seasons are alike, sowed thick and fast tares which never have found a place in the heart of the boy. What wonder that, at twelve years old, we find him seated with men in the village ale-house, smoking bad tobacco, and singing worse songs, in return for the ale he is still too poor to buy, in spite of the fact that he already understood how

to snare a rabbit, and relieve the gins of the old poachers of their prey. Sometimes he got a trifle for the game he had "bagged," but oftener than not, his only reward was a pint of beer.

.....

Tom had reached the age of sixteen, when something happened which outlawed him from the respectable part of Colsterworth society.

Fourteen Days Hard Labor.

It had been an unusually hot day, and the company gathered in the public house was at its frequentest by Tom and his mates had grown quarrelsome over their "cups," and breaking out every now and again into brawls, which attracted the attention of two constables who were roaming the lanes, feeling that anything in the shape of a diversion would be preferable to the existing monotony. The sound of voices, raised in drunken altercation, which issued from the village ale-house, was not unwelcome to these officers of the peace, and they straightened their backs, and hurried forward cautiously, eager to do business. Tom, who was just leaving the house, not very sober, and more than angry with those who were following him, stumbled across the door-step, and, after making several abortive attempts to maintain an upright position, fell headlong into the clutch of one of the waiting constables. Scarcely knowing what he did, Tom swung one of his long arms free, and started to address the obstructor in very strong language. This settled the matter at once. Tom was taken into custody for resisting the law, and marched off between the two constables to Fakenham, some twelve and a-half miles from Grantham. Here he was charged with drunkenness and disorderly conduct. No one appeared in his defence, and Tom made no attempt to deny either charges, though his fingers tingled to have it out with the men, who, though equally guilty, left him to face it out alone. Fourteen days' hard labor was the verdict. This dismayed Tom not a little, seeing that his primary object in taking to this kind of life had been a desire to earn money with as little work as possible. Lured on by the promises and big talk of the younger men who belonged to the brickyard gang, he had thought to escape the hard grind of his father's lot; and this was the end of his dreams! Fourteen days' hard labor. That meant a fortnight on the "mill" or at the "crank." What a fool he was!

(To be continued.)

The Law's Delay.

Having left Quebec in March, 1906, in order to escape the hand of justice, William Dawson remained in parts unknown till Saturday, last, when he returned to the city. He was spotted on his arrival by detectives. He appeared before the police court, and was sentenced to two years in the penitentiary.

Three thousand Japanese are being brought to British Columbia to work on the Grand Trunk Pacific.

PICTURES & PARAGRAPHS.



Father Palmer.

What Dad Palmer Thought.

And What Really Happened.

Dad Palmer was ninety-six years of age last March; is a soldier of the Edmonton corps, and his testimony is listened to with rapt attention. He was brought to God at Kinmount, through the instrumentality of the Salvation Army, and is a wonderful trophy of Divine Grace.

He was a great sinner, and when he heard that the Army was coming to invade the little town, said, "Well, if I have to get a gun and fight them I must." To his great surprise, he did not find an Army of men with swords and guns, but just Hallelujah lasses.

When one of them spoke to him and asked him if he would not begin to serve God; it broke him up, and that night he knelt at the cross of Christ, and now, for over twenty years, has been a true follower of Christ.—Bob Bonhall.

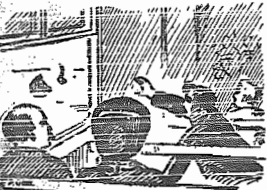
No Place of Repentance.

Don't Put Off Your Salvation.

"I am afraid to die, Captain." The weak voice of the sufferer was faintly heard in the room, and the Captain took the thin white hand in her own and gently asked, "Why dear?"

"Don't you recognize me, Captain?" were the next words. "Last watch-night I sat in your service as you pleaded for souls, and I felt that I ought to yield to God right there. I did not do so, however, and I find it such a difficult thing to call on God to save me on my death-bed."

Long and patiently did the Captain



At a Newfoundland Corps last week a man threw away his pipe and tobacco before coming out to the Army post.

deal with the poor soul, but the dying woman would not exercise faith in Christ, and she passed away with no hope for the next world. Does not this come as another warning not to put off salvation till the last moment?

After Eight Years.

A Backslider's Experience.

The Sunday evening meeting had just commenced, when the Adjutant's wife leant over and said: "Cadet, will you go with the Sergeant-Major into the Junior Hall; there is a man and woman there whom I want to get saved?"

I found a married couple, deeply convicted of sin—the woman so much so that she had to be supported by her husband and the Secretary. The Sergeant-Major got to business right away, dealing with their souls in a pointed manner, and soon obtained the awful confession that they were backsliders, and had not been to a religious meeting for a period of eight years.

The woman could only ask for some-



At Saint Ste. Marie a man stood up in the meeting and told how he had got converted the night before in his bedroom.

one to pray. The Sergeant-Major led off, followed by the Secretary, and the power of the blood became manifest, the woman breaking into tears of joy, and claiming God's promise. Then her husband began to follow her example by handing over two pipes and a piece of tobacco, and soon proved that God can save backsliders too. They left for their home later on, promising to come to the Tuesday evening Soldiers' meeting, which promise they kept.—Walter Golden.

An Offended Man.

Ran Away from His Wife and Home.

"Tom came home in a dreadful way last night. Something was said in the meeting about backsliders, which offended him so much that he got up and left and he hasn't spoken a civil word to me since. To-day he went off, saying that he wasn't coming back any more, and I don't know where he is gone to, at all."

Thus said a poor woman to the Captain of a Salvation Army corps, as she called in at the Quarters one Monday morning, with the traces of recent tears on her face, and a choking sob in her voice.

The Captain tried to comfort her as best she could, and, after some wise and loving words of counsel, and some prayer together, the forlorn wife was somewhat cheered, and was

encouraged to pray both for the return of her husband to her, and his restoration to God—for he was a backslider.

A week passed, and there was no news of the missing husband, but just as the Sunday night prayer meeting was concluding, the Captain saw him enter the Hall and take a seat near the back. As quickly as possible, she went to him and pleaded with him to surrender to God. She found that the arrow of truth which had pierced his soul the previous Sunday, and made him so enraged, had indeed deeply wounded him, and he was now longing for the healing balm. Faithfully and sympathetically she talked to him, and at last he yielded to the Spirit, and, rushing to the penitent form, sought for pardon from the God he had so long rebelled against.

He went home with his wife that night in a state of peace and joy, determined to nevermore grieve either her or his Heavenly Father, by his perverseness and stubborn self-will.

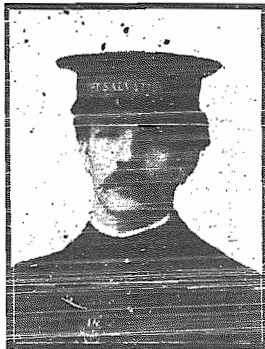
Quit the Business.

Under the heading "Salvation Army News," a local paper of North Yakima, gives the following unique paragraph concerning a bartender recently converted in the Army Hall.

"Mr. A. Arthur, well known amongst the saloon people of Front Street, having spent several months as an attendant at a lunch counter and billiard table in one of the saloons there, has, this past week, quit the business, turned over to the Salvation Army, and has left the city for Seattle, having been sent there by Captain Munton, to be a helper in the Social Work of the Army."

Happy Jack Gilbert.

J. S. M. John Gilbert, better known in Smith's Falls as "Happy Jack," was converted in the Salvation Army during the stay of Captain Thompson and Lieutenant Mercer. Straying into the meeting one night, the Spirit of God took hold of his heart and showed him that unless he turned



from sin he would lose his soul. Jack turned there and then, and has since been fighting away in the ranks of the Salvation Army. He is much loved by the children and is fond of open-air work. He speaks, sings and plays a concertina in the meetings.

The Official Amalgamated Radial Telegraph Company hopes within the year to establish a wireless system between Ireland and Canada. Their ultimate aim is business messages at two cents a word.

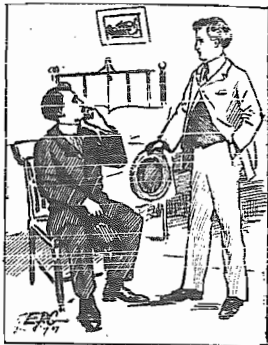
The Deceiver's Tragic End.

An Australian Story.

The following incident happened in a Northern town of New South Wales a few years ago.

A road contractor, who had the job of forming up the back streets of the township, desired to get his contract concluded on a certain date, so that he could draw the full amount of cash, which was a fairly large sum.

He saw that he could finish it all with the exception of a large stump on the crown of one of the streets; so, waiting his opportunity, he cut off the top part of the stump, and covered it over with soil and metal. The work



Two young men who had left the meeting unsaved at eight o'clock went to their boarding house, and then agreed to return to the Army meeting and get converted. They did so.

was duly inspected and passed, and he received his money.

In the course of two years, by continual traffic and exposure to wind and rain, the metal was worn away, and the stump appeared above the surface. This same man was engaged on another contract, about fourteen miles out of the town, when one of his men was taken seriously ill. Mounting the fastest horse he had, he made with all speed, for the nearest doctor's house. On reaching the town he was obliged to pass down the very street where the stump appeared above the ground, and the night being dark, his horse tripped on the stump, threw its rider, who fell to the ground with a sickening thud, and broke his neck.

"How sad!" you say. Yes, everybody who knew the circumstances said the same; but what a lesson this should teach us. You may hide from man for a time, but everything is naked and open to God, from Whom nothing is hidden.

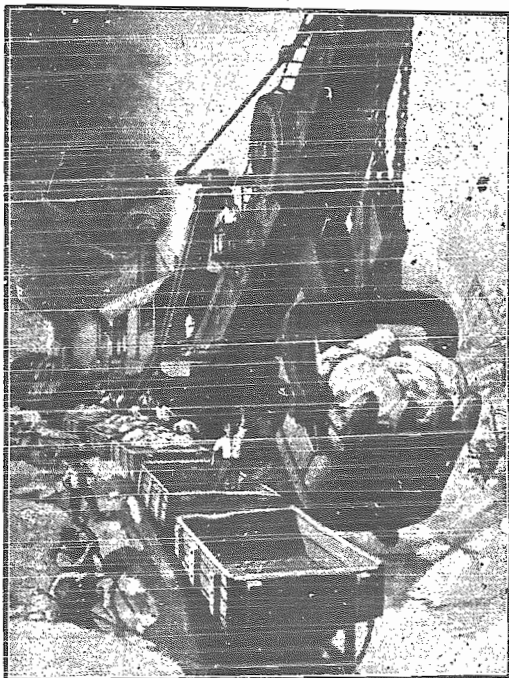
Devotion to the Kingdom.

A Cadet's Heroism.

Some months ago a man met with a serious accident in the streets of New York, and was taken into the hospital. To heal his injury, the surgeons required a piece of cuticle, or skin, taken from the arm of a living man. By some means the news of this need was carried to the men's wing of the Training Home, and practically every Cadet volunteered to make that sacrifice for the stranger. One was chosen. He underwent the painful operation of having the skin of his forearm cut away; it was grafted onto the wound of the injured man, and the latter made a complete recovery. When the Cadet was asked why he did this, he replied:

"To help the Kingdom of God along."

THE WORLD AND ITS WAYS.



A Huge "Steam Navy" at Work in a Panama Canal Cutting.

The Panama Canal is now being excavated by means of digging machines having the appearance of mechanical hands armed with steel nails, which tear away nearly a truck-load of material at a single effort. A line of "flat cut" is seen waiting for the soil as the arm comes swinging back from the face of the cutting. The sight is a fascinating one to watch.

The Congo Colony.

It is now quite possible that the series of atrocities in the Congo Free State, which have been a disgrace to civilization, will cease, inasmuch as in January or February will see the Congo a colony of Belgium, instead of a personal dependency of King Leopold.

The proposed transfer comes at a time when Major Lemair's charges of Congo atrocities are again directing attention to the past Administration. He produces statements from six native women who were subjected to ill-treatment, and then sold at Ntanga Post, and who then saw their children killed before their eyes.

Haywood Acquitted.

William Haywood, the Secretary-Treasurer of the Western Federation of Miners, who has been on trial for the murder of ex-Governor Steuenberg, has been acquitted. After eighteen hours' deliberation the jury brought in a verdict of not guilty. That the State will not abandon the prosecution of Haywood's associates, Moyer and Pettibone, is evident from Governor Gooding's words. He is reported to have said:—

"The verdict is a great surprise to me, and I believe to all citizens of Idaho who have heard or read the evidence in the case. I have done my duty. I have no regret as to any action I have taken, and my conscience is clear. As long as God gives me strength I shall continue my efforts for government by law and for organized society.

"The State will continue a vigorous prosecution of Moyer and Pettibone and Adams, and of Simpkins when apprehended. There will be neither hesitation nor retreat.

More Lake Accidents

The daily paper still has its diurnal tale of accident and sudden death. That on the day of writing is the burning of a steamer on Cayuga Lake, in connection with which nine persons were drowned. But perhaps the fatality which more closely touches Canadian readers is the lamentable catastrophe that happened in Humber Bay, when by the capsizing of a gasoline launch, nine bright young men, whose ages ranged from twenty to twenty-five years, lost their lives. The following is the narrative of the sole survivor, who is only nineteen years of age:—

The Survivor's Story.

"We left the Island about 12.30 o'clock," he said. "All seemed to go well until about 1.15 in the morning. Then the engine stopped. We swamped shortly after that, and we were all washed off the boat. Six or seven managed to cling to the bottom of the vessel. I heard Irvine sing out, 'Hang on to the bottom,' but I think three of them never reached us at all. Perhaps they tried to swim ashore. It was so dark we could not see. I could not tell for certain those that were hanging on. In the next few minutes four more must have been washed away. As for myself, I know I lost my grip several times, but was always fortunate enough to get back. At any rate, I touched bottom after a while and staggered to the shore."

Japanese Immigration.

The influx of the Japanese into the Dominion is of such proportions as to cause considerable apprehension to British Columbians. Twelve hundred Japanese from Honolulu, at the time of writing, were on shipboard off Vancouver. It is said that great corporations are responsible for the wholesale Japanese Immigration, and the Immigration Department at Ottawa express themselves as powerless to act in this matter. The representatives of the Japanese Government state that the agreement made with the Canadian Government a few years ago, as to restriction, is being rigidly observed. Before leaving their own country, the Japanese must procure passports from their Government, and the Japanese Government agreed that not more than one passport per month for each district would be issued to its citizens who desire to come to Canada. As there are about forty districts, this would permit about five hundred a year to come to Canada direct from Japan. This number has never been reached, and the agreement is still in force. The Japanese, however, arriving in British Columbia, are from Honolulu, American territory, and over them the Japanese Consuls have no official authority.

Naval Amenities.

In view of the war cloud, that is by some, thought to hang threaten-

ingly low over Japan and America, it is cheering to know that when the Japanese cruisers Tsukiyba and Chitosa, under the command of Vice-Admiral Ijuin, arrived in Brest, the American cruisers Washington and Tennessee, the Tennessee being the flagship of Rear Admiral Stockton, saluted the Japanese Division with fifteen guns. The salute was returned.

The officers of both squadrons attended an elaborate reception, followed by dancing, given by the naval authorities, in the garden of the Maritime Prefecture. The American and Japanese officers mingled on the most friendly terms and the best of good nature prevailed.

The Canadian Northern crop report is said to be, on the whole, of a very favorable character. The recent rainfall has improved matters wonderfully, a crop equal to that of last year is predicted from many points.

The Lehigh Valley Coal Company, has opened what is believed to be the largest stripping in the world. It is located at Lattimer, Pa., and the coal is in a solid bed of 1,300 feet wide, 30 feet in thickness, and extends from Lattimer to Drifton, at least six miles. It is estimated that were the company to take out 500 tons daily, it would require 250 years to exhaust the supply.



BY MOTOR CAR TO THE SOUTH POLE.

How Lieutenant Shackleton Will Invade the Antarctic.

On July 30, Lieutenant Shackleton sets sail for the Antarctic. It has been decided to fix the base of operations on King Edward's Land, the most easterly point reached by the expedition of 1901-4. This point is equally well placed as regards the Pole, and has the advantage of being new ground. Into this area Mr. Shackleton will penetrate by three distinct glacial expeditions, in which he will be aided by the use of a motor car specially built for the task. The car is constructed to withstand extreme cold, and will be operated by a spirit which will work satisfactorily in low temperatures; it is provided with three different sets of wheels for use on surfaces of varying softness. Great hopes are entertained of its value for traction purposes, but it is recognized that its employment is an experiment, and the chances of the expedition's success are far from being centred in any such novel means of locomotion. The use of Siberian ponies in the Antarctic is also in the nature of an experiment, but the hardiness and strength they have developed on the bitterly cold plains of eastern Siberia, where they are accustomed to live in the open all through the winter, justify the hope that the experiment will be a success. The indefatigable attempts of men to reach the poles are, indeed, endless.

Household Squabbling

Ended by the Visitations of an Army Lassie.

A WHOLE FANAL OF FIVE CONVERTED.

"Oh! aren't they just too miserable for anything, Captain?"

The two officers had been visiting, and the Lieutenant was expressing her feelings.

In the last house they had visited, lived a man who was a backslider. He had once been an Army soldier, but his wife had so bitterly opposed him, that he had given up the meetings and his uniform—and God. He had gone back to his former evil habits.

He and his wife now constantly quarrelled. The grown-up sons and a daughter, who lived at home, took sides, and there was nothing but discord amongst them.

This wretched state greatly troubled the Lieutenant, and she resolved to do her best to win the family for God. For many months she prayed and waited, paying a weekly visit to the house, and seeking every opportunity to persuade the backslider to return to the cross.

Cool Treatment.

She was treated coldly at first, but gradually the family began to look forward to her visits, and before long, they opened their hearts and told her how wretched and miserable they were; how they wished things were different with them.

One night the father and son came to the meeting, and at the close, they were both kneeling in penitence at the Mercy Seat. Next Sunday the mother and daughter came, and the same thing happened to them. A little while afterwards, another son came to seek salvation, and before many weeks had passed they were all Salvation Soldiers and peace reigned once more in the once unhappy home.

The younger son also became a Candidate, and, thus, through the faith and patient effort of a Godly girl, a whole family became followers of Christ and lived in peace and unity.

One Flower—Price, \$6,875.

A Costly Orchid.

A romantic page in the history of orchid culture was closed in London, a short time ago, when an original plant of *Miltonia Vexillaria Memoria G. D. Owen* and two slips taken from it realized the enormous sum of \$6,875.

The plant, of which only these three specimens exist in any collection, has gained all the highest orchid honors. It is the most wonderful variety of *Miltonia* ever seen, and the wonder of it does not consist in shape or coloring so much as in the fact that in the middle of it is an almost perfect butterfly form, apparently painted on the flower.

The curious resemblances of many orchids to common objects, such as bees, spiders, screws and tresses, consist in the shape of the flower; but in this case the sepals and petals of the flower bear an imprint, and the effect is of a velvety purple butterfly settled on the rich rose ground of the flower.

Read the Bible when you are fresh and wide-awake, when the brain is clear, and you are not pressed for time. Read it as the only book on earth that has dropped down from heaven, as your directory through life and your guide to immortality. It will become a new book to you altogether.—Davidson.

A STORMY LIFE.

A Remarkable Short Story, Dealing with the Conversion of an Atheistical Frenchman.

SATURDAY morning at the docks of Le Havre. All is bustle and commotion. The port is full of newly arrived vessels amongst which is one just in from New York.

The stock-keeper has just stepped ashore, and gives a hasty glance around. A look of disappointment spreads over his face.

"Where are the wife and children?" They are always there to meet him when he returns. Another eager look, he hastily scans the crowd.

"No, she is not there, and no message from her."

With rapid steps, he crosses the quay, and enters the ship's company's office, saying very abruptly:

"I cannot wait any longer, I must go home."

He calls a cab asking to be driven to Saint-Adresse, a pretty little suburb of Le Havre. Hastily, he steps from the cab, thinking to enter his happy home and meet there his loving wife and two sweet little girls of four and two years old, whom he had expected to see at the docks.

What does he see? His view? No wife, no children, no home! Only a heap of ashes!

A fortnight before, while he was still in New York, in the pretty chalet he had built expressly for the wife he loved so tenderly, a terrible fire had broken out and between any assistance could be rendered, the whole thing was in a blaze—house, wife and children consumed so entirely that nothing but ashes remained.

No last duties to perform, no funeral service—all this was impossible. Ashes! Ashes! Only ashes and the place of ground he had bought for their home!

He gently enquired: "Where did you go that night?"

"Go! I do not know. I wandered and wandered about, not knowing what to do."

"And your wife's mother, who lives in Le Havre? Did you not go to her house?"

"Oh, no! She was the last person to whom I would have turned. That was one of the bitter drops in my cup. Yes, she was in Le Havre. She knew what had happened and let me come home without sending a single word to me. She had not even taken the trouble to come to the boat to let me know."

"Her cruelty at this hour was more than I could stand. A bitter feeling of hatred rose in my heart towards her, which was inflamed by one of my friends telling me that she had said: 'This is all he deserves; an atheist like him!'"

"On hearing this, I swore I would never forgive her, and I nursed that feeling as grim satisfaction, until my conversion."

"Atheist I was, brought up without a shade of religion. My father hated everything approaching to it. Sad circumstances in his family had brought him to this. He had trained us in uprightness and truth, but without the fear of God."

"How few real friends there are in this world!"

"I thought I had many at Le Havre, and yet, not one of them had heart enough to write and prepare me for this, or to meet me at the docks."

"How empty and weak is human nature without God!"

"How deceived I was in those I thought I could have counted upon."

"I gave up going to sea, and left Le Havre without going near my mother-in-law. All was so changed. Life seemed scarcely worth living. Still I struggled on. How, I do not know."

It was towards the end of February on that awful day when I returned, and it was now the fourteenth of July. I was walking about Paris in a listless, 'don't care' fashion, and was passing the Army hall, when a Salvationist gave me a handbill and invited me to enter. I mechanically turned in, with the feeling:

"Quite as good there as anywhere!" but was so struck by what I saw and heard.

The platform was full of sweet little children, dressed in the three national colors. They were from the Orphanal at Colombes. Their singing touched me, but most of all the testimonies, especially that of one man who spoke of having been unhappy in his past life, and of having found peace and joy in Jesus. This made a great impression upon me.

Before the meeting closed the Captain came up and spoke to me so sympathetically that I felt drawn to tell him my sorrows. I leaning over me with great tenderness he said:

"Take courage! There is hope!" These words were an inspiration. They awoke a new interest within me. From that moment, they followed me everywhere as an illuminated message sent from God to my soul.

"I gave my heart to God, and have become as great a believer as I was an atheist."

"Yes, there is a God!" "He has changed me, has made a new man of me, and done what I thought it was impossible to do—taken the hatred towards my mother-in-law out of my heart."

"Some time after my conversion I attended a Salvation Army holiness meeting. The leader compared the communion between our souls and God, to that of a telephone, showing that sometimes this latter is blocked, and we cannot get into communication with the person we desire to speak to. She went on to say:

"The communication between your soul and God blocked to-night?" "Those words struck me, and indeed went home to my heart. On returning to my lonely lodging I kept saying to myself:

"Yes, there is a block, and you know what it is."

"It was this bitter hatred against my mother-in-law. This unforgiven wrong that was gnawing continually at my heart like a canker-worm."

"In that little room alone I fell on my knees. The Spirit of God said: 'I will forgive you and I will take this hatred away from you and ask her forgiveness!'"

"This seemed impossible!" "Humble myself before that woman who has been so cruel to me!"

"Again the Spirit of God said: 'It is the only way. My Spirit will be sufficient for you if you will go.'"

"Never shall I forget that journey to Le Havre. But I went. Astonishment hardly describes my mother-in-law's surprise on seeing me, which increased as she heard what I had to say. She stood amazed, saying: 'Is it possible? Is it you?'"

"As I spoke of my conversion, and the change in my heart, she said: 'Yes, there is a change. I would never have thought that you could have yielded like this.'"

"She pressed me to stay to dinner, and hurried off to fetch the priest. She wanted him to speak to me of religion, to see if mine was the right sort. The priest spoke to me of his way of serving God. I spoke of mine, but more still of what God had done for me. He ended up by saying:

"I can do nothing for you. You know as much as me."

"Since then I am good friends with my mother-in-law. Salvation has brought strength and courage to my soul. I now have a good situation as foreman in an important firm, which brings me in contact with the men, and gives me the opportunity of giving my testimony very often, and showing them what God can do for those who put their trust in Him."

"Not long since I had the joy of pointing a dying man to Christ. He had been knocked down in the street by an omnibus, run over, and lay motionless in a dying condition, though he lingered for four days. It was during this time that I went to see him. Indeed, every moment of my spare time was spent at his bedside."

"With his bright look he pointed Heavenward and begged me to look after his two little children, with such an earnest appeal, saying: 'Do not let them be atheists; see that they become believers.'"

"Only a few days ago another man came to see his child, very ill with diphtheria, and lay dying. He and his wife were in great distress. I asked them to kneel down with me and pray. We did so, and afterwards the man said to me:

"Are you going to a meeting to-night for my child, and the Salvationists to pray for my child?"

"I promised, and we prayed earnestly for the little one that night at the meeting. The next day the mother told me that it was at that very moment that the child began to get better, and now she is quite well."

God is the Healer and the Saver of those who call upon him."

Rescued from Chinese Dens.

Some Striking Incidents from California.

The Matron in charge of the Los Angeles Home had a very exciting adventure recently. Her attention was called to the fact that a little Chinese woman had been sold into slavery. The girl was found to be the wife of a Chinaman living in Los Angeles. Of attractive appearance, and quite a child in years, it occurred to him that a good deal of money might be made in the sale of the little creature. Accordingly, for the sum of \$2,000, she was sold to the keeper of a notorious dive kept for the accommodation of white men.

Salvation Army Save Me.

To rescue so valuable a chattel was no easy matter, but the Matron, who is also a police official, secured the co-operation of the Chief of Police, and, accompanied by two stalwart policemen, proceeded to the dive. Fearing a raid, men and women were all packed together everywhere, while, utterly bewildered by the unexpected commotion, the little Chinese girl stood, not knowing which way to turn. Suddenly espying the well-known Army bonnet, she rushed to the Matron's arms like a little frightened bird, hiding her face in the kindly bosom of her deliverer, while, with tears and sobs, in her broken language, she exclaimed, "Oh, Salvation Army, you have come to save me!"

Another Chinese wife was also sold for \$200 into the same terrible traffic, the man in the case then sending his Chinese for another wife, presumably for the same purpose. This poor woman has been rescued, and steps are being taken to forestall another episode of the same nature.

Cultivate Your Faith.

By Commissioner Rees.

Regular times of self-examination are very beneficial to the soul. Don't be so engaged in looking after the needs of others that there is no time for enquiring as to the condition of your own soul.

The cultivation of faith also plays a large part in the development of a good spiritual experience. It is in this that faith is the gift of God; but it is the gift of God that we must exercise individually accept the gift and exercise it for themselves before it becomes their own. Faith is the key that unlocks the Divine treasure house for our appropriation, and it is in proportion to our claims that we get.

A Proper Social Evening.

They Expected a Dance for Pleasure, but Got Saved, and then Danced for Joy.

WHAT TWO ARMY OFFICERS ACCOMPLISHED.

"What can we do to get these people roused up to a sense of their need of Christ, Lieutenant?" said the Captain as he came in from War Cry selling one day. "They won't come to our hall, and so we must get at them some other way. What do you suggest?"

"Suppose we hold some house to house meetings," said the Lieutenant. "I think some of our friends will let us use their parlors for such a purpose."

"Just the thing, Lieutenant. I'll see Mrs. R— about it to-morrow, and get her to issue invitations for a Social evening."

The next day, therefore, he Captain had an interview with the lady above mentioned, with the result that she heartily entered into the plan, and promised to drive around that afternoon, and call upon a number of people for the purpose of inviting them to spend a social evening at her home during the week. When the eventful evening arrived the two officers proceeded to the appointed place, and found a merry crowd assembled. The ladies were in their best white gowns and satin slippers; the gentlemen in faultless evening dress, and all were expectant of enjoying a good dance.

"Oh, Lord, help us to manage this crowd and bring them to Thy feet," was the inward prayer of the Salvationists, as they entered the house and surveyed the people they had come to meet.

"Now, go ahead, Captain, and do what you like," said the hostess, and forthwith the Captain stood up and suggested that all should join in singing a well-known song, "Jesus, Lover of My Soul."

The people were taken by surprise, but they accepted the situation good-naturedly, and sang very heartily. Then the Lieutenant prayed, and before the crowd was well aware of it, a Salvation meeting was in full swing, and they were listening to the simple testimonies of some recent converts of the corps.

It moved these pleasure-loving people greatly, and many were convicted on the spot of their need of conversion. Rightly gauging the spirit of the meeting, the Captain soon brought everyone face to face with the question, "Are you converted?" He then invited those who were not to come and kneel at some chairs which the Lieutenant was busy placing in the centre of the room, and one by one they came forward, till six penitents were at the feet of Christ, in all their worldly trappings and ornaments.

They had a dance after all, for at 2 a.m. they were jumping up and down for joy, and singing lustily, "Hallelujah, This Done!" That was the best social evening many had ever been to in their lives.

London, July 25.—Police cruisers will be an interesting feature of the next naval shipbuilding programme. The Jamaican earthquake and the St. Lucia riot have shown that there is need for such a class, for detached police duties and periodical visits to remote stations.

THE POWER OF KINDNESS.

BY THE CHIEF OF THE STAFF.

In all things approving ourselves as the ministers of God . . . by pureness, by knowledge, by long-suffering, by kindness, by the Holy Ghost, by love unfeigned.—2. Cor. vi. 4-6.



AMONG the evidences that we are really the ministers of God, Paul lays demands kindness. It is a humble qualification, which often influences people more than gifts that appear to be far grander, and which are, perhaps, more sought after, and is just as necessary in the minister of Christ as is patience, or pureness, or knowledge, or love. There are few human hearts that are not moved by it. Where preaching, and learning and miracle-working have failed, kindness, by a charm and force which are all its own, has often succeeded. Someone has said, "that kindness is a language that the dumb can speak, and the deaf can understand," and he might have added with equal truth, that it has a warmth which even the dead can feel. Many a heart, cold and still, has been warmed into flowing life again by one kind act. Many a sweet and tender memory, buried long ago and forgotten, has come forth from its grave, alive, with blessing and happiness under the gracious influence of one kind word.

Necessary For Warfare.

No soldier of the Salvation Army is fully equipped for his holy mission without this, the grace of kindness. Many comrades have totally failed just for the want of it. They have had many useful gifts, and many important qualities; they have worked hard, and have even suffered for the Army; but they have failed to approve themselves to the people as the ministers of Christ, simply because they were not kind. Their uncommon graces failed for want of a little kindness. They said, and did, unkind things; and this spoiled all. On the other hand, I have known comrades who have been very deficient in ability, and wanting in much that we rightly regard as very important, who yet have been richly blessed at every turn, finding their way most wonderfully both to the soldiers' confidence and the sinners' hearts, and making everyone trust them, because they were kind to all around them. Our experience, thus, so entirely supports the Apostle's words, that I desire to write something to you, my comrades, about this "kindness."

First, I would remind you that kindness is generally associated with small things. Do not think less of it on that account, for life is chiefly made up of little things.

Where to Start.

Begin, then, in your own home. Learn to show kindness at home, says the Apostle. That is a capital training-ground for kindness. In fact, it is doubtful whether you will show it much anywhere if it is absent there. And yet, how often it is absent!

When I visit some people's homes, I miss the little kindnesses that I expected to find in profusion. The children are rough to one another. The husband sits still and allows the tired wife to stand unnoticed; or he goes on eating while she answers the knock at the door; or he helps himself to the food before he asks her to take some. Many of the kind words and little trifles of gentleness which brightened the days gone by

are no longer thought of. He would break his heart if she were to die, but from want of thought he is unmindful of that which is her very life.

A Common Shortcoming.

When I come downstairs in the morning I often see that the mother has been at work long before the father was up, and I find that he leaves nearly all the responsibility of the children to her. She must care for their food and clothes, their schooling and prayers, and all the rest. And sometimes I know that the servant has been running about from 6 o'clock in the morning until ten at night—that is, for sixteen hours! Learn, or as one might say, remember to show kindness at home. Do not forget, because everyone there is so familiar to you, that your Saviour once lived in a humble cottage at Nazareth; and strive to be kind in your home, as He was in His.

Remember, too, that your kindness is to extend to the animal creation. "The righteous man," God says, "regardeth the life of his beast, but the tender mercies of the wicked are cruel." Be kind, therefore, to all living things—they belong to your God. "Every least of the forest," He says, "is Mine." Never kill, or allow anyone to kill any animal unless it is necessary that it should die, and then, even with what are called vermin—rats and mice and so forth—always do it mercifully, and never in sight of other animals.

Good Advice.

Be no party to overloading or over-driving of horses. Discourage, as far as you have the opportunity, the keeping of wild animals in menageries; it is very cruel. Never, if you can help it, allow a poor woodland bird to be imprisoned in a cage. Remember, that like yourself, it was born free, and that every time it sees the blue sky, or hears the sound of day, its little heart is torn with anguish, with hope, with fear, until its wings grow weary with beating against the cruel bars. By-and-by, the little captive will droop and die of a broken heart, but God will notice the wrong that it suffered—not a sparrow will fall to the ground without His knowledge.

Show a high example, then, among the people, and especially among the young, of quiet, persistent kindness; it will not only increase their love for you personally, but it will help them to understand that ours is a religion of love.

Out of the Pubs.

Two years ago a comrade urged me to help her with "War Cry" booming in the public houses. Many times, since I made a start, we have been asked by the men, when they have been drinking, if we would prey for them, and through our efforts, several now come regularly to the meetings. Better still, two of the number have been won for Christ.

We have eight publicans who are regular customers, and there is not one in the town who does not wish us well.—E. B.

Personalities.

Brigadier Howell, who is on a visit to the Homeland, on Immigration matters, was present at the Crystal Palace Anniversary Demonstrations, and helped to swell the proportions and lend dignity to the Emigration Detachment of the great procession that the General reviewed. The Brigadier was profoundly impressed with the magnitude, enthusiasm and salvationism of the proceedings.

We understand that Major Cameron, who has been appointed to Canada for Training Work, will leave England on August 22. This comrade will arrive in time for the next session, and we predict for her a hearty welcome and much happiness in the dear Dominion.

Colonel D. C. Lamb, the Secretary of the Army's Imperial Emigration Department, has just returned from a visit to Holland, during which he called at Antwerp and other places in connection with our Emigration work, which has made rapid strides in that country during the past twelve months. This is directly attributed to the circumstances under which the first party of emigrants sailed for the Dominion, particulars of which appeared in a recent issue.

Lieut.-Colonel Tait, who has gone to Japan, writes as follows whilst crossing Siberia:

"The Russians are exceptionally gracious. My uniform commands great respect. The women in my berth are most anxious that I should have quiet while I pray, so they close the door most respectfully, and peep in to see if I have finished. I wish I knew the language, and could do more for their souls. I can only give a kind look and a touch, and point upward, and so on. The young woman, who speaks a smattering of French, has said to me: 'We all know you are a sister of charity, and live for the poor.'"

This is what a War Cry scribe writes, who is rusticiating near Dorwent.

"I am sitting beneath the grateful shade of a fir tree, and listening to the cheerful twittering of the birds, the lowing of the cows and the cackling of the hens. A gentle breeze rustles through the branches of my leafy retreat, and keeps the fields of waving corn in front of me in continual motion. I contemplate the scene with rapture. Is there such another country in the world as beautiful Ontario? Over its fields and forests and homesteads, the words 'Peace and Prosperity' are written large, and in this elysium I am at rest for a while from the roar and rattle of the smoky city. The atmosphere is conducive to quiet contemplation, and no doubt I shall evolve a few ideas for another year's work out of my present surroundings."

He ought to have more than hay seed under his hair after that.

Portsmouth, July 27.—The battleship Bellerophon, another Dreadnought, was launched here this afternoon by the Princess Henry of Battenberg.

The new warship has a tonnage of 18,000, which is 700 more than the Dreadnought, and she embodies a number of improvements gained as a result of the Dreadnought trials.

The Temeraire, the third ship of this class, will be launched the latter part of August.

THE WAR CRY.

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Comments on Current Matters.

THE GENERAL'S MOTTO.

Elsewhere, we give some remarkably interesting particulars concerning the celebration of the Army's Forty-Second Anniversary, and the departure of the General on his Fourth Motor Car Campaign. Prior to starting, the General left a motto for the British Salvationists, and Salvationists in every part of the whole round earth. This is it:

"No excuse will be accepted for neglect of duty in the forty-third year, upon which we are now entering. May God bless you."

We want every Salvationist in Canada to read and re-read that statement. Remember, it is not the Territorial Commissioner, it is not the General who will not accept excuses for neglected duties, but it is He, before whose Great White Throne we shall all appear, and to Whom we shall have to give an account. Then, out of the love we bear to Him, and for the eternal issues that are involved in the fulfilment or nonfulfilment of the soul-winner's duties, let us, each one of us, do, for God, with all our might, the work that lies nearest to our hand.

A WARNING NOTE.

Few events have called forth a greater amount of public sympathy and private grief than the sad fatality in Humber Bay, when nine young men, in the roar of a storm, were suddenly called into the presence of their Maker. In the heyday of bright, buoyant life were their careers cut short. Practically all the business houses in the town were closed as the procession, headed by the silver band of the Temple corps, passed on its mournful way to Prospect Cemetery, and at the Sunday services most ministers drew lessons from the sad event for the benefit of the living. The most obvious lesson is that in the midst of life we are in death; also that we all should be ready to die. That this fact is every day illustrated seems to be lost sight of, and men live as though all men but themselves were mortal. We would most solemnly urge upon our readers to take this lesson well to heart, and not to wait for a more convenient season, but to repent and be converted right now.

THOUGHT IT WAS A JOKE.

That to many the voice of warning falls upon unheeding ears is too true. There is a strong moral contained in the sad incident that happened a few days ago at Port William, in connection with the water sports. A young man named Handberry was upset and drowned in the presence of 500 persons, who at first viewed the antics of the drowning man as a big joke, and did not go to his rescue until it was too late. Can anything be more sorrowful than the young man in his drowning agony, striving to call the



PLEASURE v. DUTY.

After Munsey's

The pursuit of pleasure is like the chase of a butterfly, which prize, when grasped, lies in the hand, a sorry pinch of lifeless dust. Service in the cause of God and humanity brings lasting joy. Officership in the Salvation Army brings boundless opportunities for such service.

spectators to his assistance, and the more frantic his appeals the louder the laughter of the persons on the bank, until at last his lifeless body sank like a stone to the bottom? Then when the bubbles on the surface of the water, and the failure of the young man to rise to the surface, told the sad tale, there was diving and strenuous efforts made to recover the body. Is not this like the attitude that many persons assume with respect to the solemn matters of death and the judgment to come? They trifle and fritter away the golden opportunity of making their peace with God, and then death steps in and it is too late to make preparation. Readers, we solemnly and earnestly exhort you to repentance. Don't treat the exhortation lightly, but act upon it!

INTERNATIONAL ARBITRATION.

There is a great diversity of opinion concerning the utility of the Peace Conference at the Hague; but that there are signs of practical value in the deliberations, is shown by the attitude of the nations in the matter of arbitration, for apart from the actual vote, the discussion that preceded it led to most interesting declarations in favor of a permanent court at the Hague and of general arbitration.

Sir Edward Fry recognized the difficulty which international arbitration presented. Nevertheless, he added, the British delegation has associated itself with the American and Portuguese proposals. Britain, Sir Edward proceeded to show, had always promised arbitration, and in 1905 had signed treaties of this nature with ten powers. The result of this practice, he continued, had not always been conclusive, but Britain believed that the moment had come for the

conscience of the civilized world finally to find expression in this way. The motion was passed by a very large majority. We hope that it will resolve itself a practical factor in the affairs of the nations, although man is naturally such a fighting animal, that he will need a lot of educating up to the point of breaking his glittering swords, and smashing up his loud-sounding guns, but he is gradually being brought up to it.

RAILWAY WORKERS' HOURS.

A recent railway accident shows very clearly that there is need for legislation in connection with railway workers' hours. A brakeman, sent back to flag an approaching train at a Junction, fell asleep on the track and was seriously injured. The unfortunate man has since died. The cause of the accident is said to have been the continuous service of the victim for twenty-four hours previous to his falling asleep on his important mission. He was thus kept on duty, or allowed to remain on duty until utterly unfit to care for himself, let alone to look after the safety of a train. No man, upon whom depends the safety of others, ought to be allowed to get into such a physical condition. At the present time, it seems to be a matter between the railway companies and their employees—in other countries it is not so. In the United States, the law forbids more than sixteen hours continuous service, and requires that such service shall be followed by a rest of ten hours. There ought to be a limit to the hours of labor on the Canadian railways, and Parliament should not leave such a vital matter any longer to the railway companies and the men. Public safety calls for alterations.

Mrs. Staff-Captain Attwell.

A SERIOUS CONDITION OF HEALTH.

We deeply regret to say that at the moment of going to press, Mrs. Staff-Captain Attwell, so well known to many of our readers, lies in a precarious condition of health.

She is suffering from pernicious Anemia, a very malignant disease. For some time past, Mrs. Attwell's health has not been at all good, but a few days ago a very sinister development of her malady took place, and, with deep grief, we have to state that her life is despaired of.

We ask our readers to remember our sick comrade, and her husband and children, before the Throne of Grace.

We hope that we may have better news concerning our comrade next week.

STATE RECOGNITION

Of Our New Hamburg Home for Men.

Germany may now be added to the list of states and colonies that officially recognize the Army's Social efforts.

The Hamburg Senate recently proposed to the Lower House of the State that an annual subvention of \$1,000 should be granted to the Salvation Army towards the maintenance of their second Men's Home, which has accommodation for 150 beds.

The proposal has now been confirmed by the Upper House, and the grant is for a period of three years.

Keep Up with the Procession.

A Peterboro Incident with a Moral

One of the Peterboro papers has used a little incident to point a stiff moral:—

"They couldn't keep up with the procession, and the result they were left behind. Last night the Salvation Army Band had its picnic taken at Victoria Park, and after the exposure had been made, they marched back to the barracks. They did not all march, however. Two of the members had been in an accident a few days before, and were lame. They were able to get to the Park and stand for their picture, but they could not march with their fellow-musicians. They came behind, slowly, and, apparently, painfully, with the Band increasing the distance between them every step."

"The incident isn't a serious one. It illustrates, though, the conditions prevailing in the procession of life. Those who can't keep up with the band have to drop behind, and they are soon forgotten. Their ability recognized, possibly, while they were in with the leadership forgotten when an infirmity prevents them from stepping as quickly as they used to be able to do. The procession moves on, and their places are taken by others who have not been as long on the road, and are still fresh."

There is a lesson in this circumstance. While you're up with the band in the front of the procession, play the best you can. There is sure to be a time when you'll have to drop behind. It comes to every one of us."

The Editor of the "Globe," at the meeting of the Dominion Educational Association in Toronto said the habit of summing up our national progress in figures and material evidence was altogether wrong. Our progress was to be estimated in our children and in our opportunities.

A Glorious 42nd Anniversary.

HOW IT WAS CELEBRATED AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE, LONDON.

The General Starts on His Fourth Great Motor Campaign.



THE Salvation Army's forty-second anniversary was celebrated at the Crystal Palace on July 15th, with a splendidly successful demonstration of the Army's work and progress. The crowd present was a magnificent tribute to the popularity of the event, but of all the interesting features of the demonstration, nothing so touched the hearts and imaginations of the great crowd assembled as the beloved man of God who, forty-two years ago, made Whitechapel his sanctuary, and then the world his parish.

Detaching himself from his loyal escort, the Chief and Mrs. Booth, the hero of the day stepped to the edge of the orchestra, bowed with palms, and illuminated by the Army Flags. To the astonishment of all, he refrained from taking the chair reserved for him. Instead, he took command. The greeting over, his voice—clear, penetrating and sanguine—gave out:

"Oh, Thou God of every nation!" and with startling energy he spoke, swung his arms figuratively around the Transept, and enthused the Staff Band to a more jubilant and a quicker pace.

The eyes of the far-reaching ranks seemed to say, "How well he is! God bless him!"

An extraordinary procession defiled before the General, on the orchestra, and in full view of the multitude assembled in the Transept. First came fifty-two soldiers waving aloft the flags of the nations, representing the world-wide operations of the Army.

Then a mainly body of little chaps from Clapton marched round the General, playing trombones and big bass, and beating big and kettle drums.

Then other young people, in physical drill attire, followed by Cadets, young Legioners, Camp-outers. Institute members, Bands of Love, Juniors by the score, in bright red, and with character stamped on their faces, surrounded the General, captured his heart, and made him appear like a Salvationized Santa Claus. He laughed, smiled, and almost danced with pleasure.

Dredged from Quagmires.

On the procession came, punctuated by cheer after cheer. The Cadet Brigade swiftly gave place to a long drab line of men, sombre and sorrowful at first—wearing the garb of distress—till a sonorous voice pitched, "Will you go?" and then General, Staff, and audience were electrified.

Nothing so fine has been seen on the boards before—three hundred men dredged from the quagmires of Poverty and Vice; and though still in the habiliments of Nether London, under the benign influence of a monster Dredger, to-day they held their heads high, and sang with the spirit of potential freemen.

Soldiers and Sailors!

More music from a full-strength Band on parade reminded us of the great factory at St. Albans, that is hidden doing its part in chasing dull sorrow away. And then the Women's Social Work—represented by a procession of sixty Women Social

Officers, five Workroom Officers, five Pedlars, five Wardens—came on with bright and startling effect, carrying as they did, the evidence of a Poor Woman's Charter for this life and the next. Mrs. Booth and her daughter, Catherine, beamed on these Salvation Chartists—the hope of many a slum, the joy of many a mother's heart.

Then the touch of patriotism was given next to a meeting that was already electrifying, and that had assumed enormous proportions, with an orchestra that formed a colossal triangle of festive color. As types of the army and navy forces of His Majesty stood to the right and left of the General, the audience voluntarily rose, and Staff Bandmaster Mitchell swiftly ordered his men to strike up, "Rule, Jehovah!"

devoted Envoys.

A brief and useful pause—for the audience was really in danger of being over-absorbed in the vivid sketches—and a very striking procession of women and children next marched past, who, but for an announcement on a board, would have been somewhat mysterious. That board, however, made its import plain to thousands who, we daresay, had not so much as heard of the Home League, organized by Mrs. Booth six months ago, for the purpose of giving systematic and practical guidance and instruction to mothers in their homes and at little district meetings.

Flying evangelists—in the shape of a Cycle Corps—next rushed to the platform, and we were reminded of the labor of love of our ever-growing

the countries, or appointed to them; all carrying the national flag; all got up according to the national customs; all genuinely proud of their connections, and all more or less quaint, picturesque, and dazzling.

Japan had an ovation, and John Bull and his train, of course, came in for a rouser from the Bands, and a monster acclaim from the Transept.

This ended the procession—an object lesson of the Army's battle-field, and the world of souls whose redemption cost the blood of our Master, and for whose salvation we will have to fight fiercely.

Then came the General's address—a happy, forceful piece of oratory.

A Torch-light Send-off.

Meetings were held continuously in various parts of the Palace, and concluded with a veritable sea of fireworks, in the midst of which, the General struck out for the North, on his Fourth Motor Campaign. The Upper and Lower terraces, with their beautiful, well-kept squares, were rimmed with chains of many-colored lights, while the grand band-stand was encircled with torches, which moved like a merry-go-round, as the Cadet holders moved to the music of their own Band.

Seen from the parapet near the dancing saloon, where the White Car was to start on its tour round the Palace, the view was one of refined, subdued beauty.

The White Car.

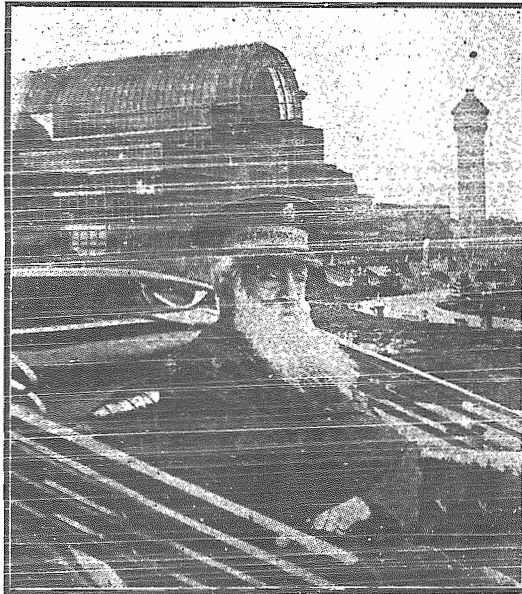
The General's White Car, starting as we have said, from the south of the Transept, preceded by four others containing the General's traveling Staff, quietly negotiated the walks till it reached the skirt of the crowd on the Lower Terrace. Through parallel lines of Chinese lanterns the procession moved forward; the White Car was readily distinguished by a semi-circle of lights over the head of the General, who, as usual, stood to attention throughout the whole course.

Every eye was upon him, and as he came into view volley after volley of blessings were flung at his noble head. When he reached the torches the cars halted; in an instant the crowd, stretching far up to the balconies of the Palace, broke into a series of cheers, and it did not need Colonel Eddie's announcement that the General would set out on his Mission by giving a wayside address.

He was in fine form. "I need not tell you, he began, 'how very much I have enjoyed myself this afternoon, and how glad I have been to see your happy faces, to hear your joyful voices, and to feel almost the beatings of your hearts for the mercedes of another year, and to note your determination to make the next one of greater blessing to your fellow-men, and more honoring to your God."

"I am off again, as you will perceive, on another Campaign. (Volleys.) Some of my friends sometimes ask, 'Why not be content to rest a little while?' They are anxious about my welfare, and wish me to take it easy, and turn aside to the chimney-corner (laughter); but I am afraid if I did I

(Continued on page 14.)



The General leaves the Crystal Palace on His Fourth Great Motor Campaign.

The object-lesson procession next brought us in touch with the Building Brigades of the Army. In almost less time than it would take one to describe it, the Army's Clerk of Works, with half a dozen deft handy-men, turned the gables, roof and doors, and what not of a model Citadel into shape and form.

The General, for once was amazed; and when the miniature Citadel, or Junior Hall, came on to the stage in half a dozen frames, and the two were placed side by side in the proverbial twinkling of an eye—the Flag of Blood and Fire flying from the turret—the audience entered into the enterprise and dash of the thing, and cheered the effort again and again.

For God and Home.

Flying evangelists—in the shape of a Cycle Corps—next rushed the platform, and we were reminded of the labor of love of our ever-growing

and devoted Envoys.

An Emigrant Ship.

The Public-house Brigade next stepped forward and touched a new spring of feeling in the audience.

The band struck up a rollicking air, and the mammoth model of an emigrant ship, followed by our emigration officers and typical emigrants, appeared on the scene. Ten thousand voices raised a cheer, and ten thousand hands clapped approval of the daring, yet sound and practical, Emigration policy of the General.

Then followed the sight of the afternoon—the world in miniature, the nations of the earth in dress,

National Representatives.

Country after country, where our Flag is flying, came on to the stage of the Great Orchestra, now ablaze with color. All Salvation Army Officers, of course, either on furlough from

The Week-End's Despatches.

"God Works in a Mysterious Way."

Read These Corps Reports, and see how His Wonders are Performed.

SPLENDID RALLY AT LONDON.

The Provincial Officer Put in a Good and Profitable Day.

We certainly had good times at the Forest City on Sunday. The Provincial Officer, Lieut.-Colonel. Sharp, assisted by Mrs. Sharp, put in a good day for the cause with good results. His subject, "The Holy People," took hold of the crowd and brought visible results. There being two for salvation and three for cleansing. The evening meeting was powerful. The Colonel's talk on "The difference between man and a sheep," was direct and heart-flattering, and the result after a well-fought prayer meeting was nine for conversion.—Crichton.

AN INSTRUCTIVE ENTERTAINMENT.

Three Persons at the Cross.

On Sunday, July 14th, we had with us Lieutenants Mitchard and Newbury. Blessed times all day, and three souls in the fountain at night.

On Monday, Lieutenant Trowbridge also visited us. An entertainment was given, which included club drills, by Lieut. Mitchard and Corps-Cadet Newbury, to whom great credit is due; readings, choruses, etc., and a solo by Treasurer Brown. Capt. S. French acted as chairman.

A friend recently brought us a very nice arm chair and also a table, for the Quarters. Thank you.

We have enrolled Brother White, and at night he took the lesson. Glad to have you, Brother White!—For Captain French, W.

MET-ODS EXTRAORDINARY!

Town Taken by Surprise.

Captain Matier, the T. F. S., visited Bothwell on the 23rd and 24th. Lieutenants Eddy and Gould, with the Captain, proceeded to make things lively. On the afternoon of the 24th, the citizens of this town were startled to see, coming down the main street, the Captain, seated in an old broken rig, clanging a big bell, and an announcement of the meetings on a pole; the Lieutenants drawing the rig. This and other methods were justified by an increased crowd in the barracks, such as had not been known for some considerable time. The service was the best that has been here as yet, and the people say, "Come again, Captain."—Willie.

STIRRING TIMES AT SPRINGHILL.

We are still moving on the road to victory at Springhill. At our last meeting, the subject of which was, "A Drunkard's Home," one dear man came to the cross, also a junior. We have received a baptism of fire here, and some who had grown cold have been held on God afresh, and are now battling for God and souls.—Corps Cor., Mrs. Thompson.

NEW D. O.'s. AT STRATFORD.

Staff-Captain and Mrs. Hay Have Good Times.

Staff-Captain and Mrs. Hay have arrived at Stratford, as the new Divisional Officers. They have latterly been stationed at London, Ont., where the Staff-Captain rendered such good service in the Rescue work at the scene of the terrible accident which occurred recently in that city. The Staff-Captain spoke on Sunday night with much power, adding a warning from the catastrophe already mentioned. The usual week-night meetings were conducted by our own beloved leader, Ensign Hancock. We have also welcomed Lieut. Cooper, who is to assist Staff-Captain Hay. May God's richest blessing be on our new officers.—E. C.

STAFF-CAPT. AND MRS. McLEAN

Have Great Times at Orillia.

We had heard that Staff-Captain and Mrs. McLean were coming to command the New Ontario Division, and last Thursday our hopes were realized in full. The band turned out to meet the new officers, and the welcome meetings all day Sunday, at the Citadel, Orillia, were times of great blessing and helpfulness. Ten persons raised their hands for prayer, and we had the satisfaction of seeing one, who had been a soldier for twenty years, but had drifted away from the fold, reclaimed for God.—H. C. R.

THE BAND TO THE FORE-FRONT.

Re-inforcements From the Old Land. At times, on July 21st, the meetings were led by the bandmen and Local Officers. At the night meeting, five backsliders came back to the fold. We trust, that by the help of God, they will again take their stand for Christ in the corps, and prove His power to keep to the end. The band is going strong at present; we have welcomed four bandmen from the Motherland, and trust they may prove a blessing to others around them.—P. S.-M. M. Dalton.

A TEN-MILE TRAMP.

Mrs. Major Morris, of Newfoundland, accompanied by Captains Ashford and Mercer, recently visited Port de Grave and Bay Roberts. The visit necessitated a walk of ten miles from Bay Roberts to Port de Grave and back. On the return journey our comrades were overtaken by a terrible storm, that drove them to a friendly hostel for the night. Good meetings were held at both places, and God's salvation manifested.

We are still going ahead at Clinton. A good week-end was experienced, under the leadership of Lieutenant Plumtree, who has just arrived. Splendid open-air are being held. Band present at all meetings. We are believing for glorious and revivalistic times.—Hot Shot.

ENROLLMENT OF FOUR RECRUITS.

Eight Souls Sought and Found Pardon.

Great times are being realized at Montreal V. Captain Richardson and Lieutenant Thornton leading on. On Sunday we enrolled four recruits. The Captain spoke very powerfully and dealt out the truth in a convicting manner. Six souls afterwards knelt at Joana's feet.

On Monday, we had a good open-air and an inside meeting, at the close of which, two souls found the Saviour. S. M. Yarnell, for Capt. Richardson.

CAPTAIN FALLE AT ANNAPOLIS.

The Springhill Troupe Also Put in an Appearance.

Since last report from Annapolis we have had visits from several officers and others. Captain Falle, who was formerly in charge here, but had to go away for a rest, paid us a visit, and now that he is gaining strength, we hope to soon see him at the battle-front again, in full vigour.

The latest visit, however, is from the Springhill Juniors, who are on tour. They met with great success in every way, the income being \$34.00. Ensign Riley, who is on furlough, just looked in for a short time, a few days ago. In spite of the warm weather, we are holding on well, and mean to still press forward.—L. H. Smith, Lieut.

THE PRODIGAL'S RETURN.

On Sunday at St. John's 11, Nfld., we rejoiced over seeing five souls kneeling at the cross, three of whom were backsliders. We believe God has done a deeper work of grace in their hearts; in all the meetings His presence was much felt.

We had Mrs. Adjutant Payne, also Adjutant Beckstead in the night meeting, together with other officers who are in the city during the Council.—Correspondent.

SUMMERSIDE HAPPENINGS.

God is blessing us at Summerside, P.E.I. On Sunday one backslider returned to God. We have welcomed to our corps Mr. and Mrs. Clark, after an absence of three years. On Sunday Capt. Wyld and Lieut. Smith farewelled after a stay of eight months. The Captain is going on furlough. We had our new officers with us last Sunday. We are trying hard to purchase a new drum, and believe we shall succeed.—A. Wilson, Drummer.

GOD'S SPIRIT WAS THERE.

And Eight Persons Desired Prayers.

Captain Willey, our former officer, recently paid us a week-end visit at Saskatoon. Sister Bone, of Strawberry Valley, was also with us and conducted the week's meetings. On Monday one young man got saved, and eight others desired an interest in our prayers. On Wednesday night three more plunged into the fountain and got gloriously saved. The comrades are doing all in their power to win souls.—J. T.

A SOLDIER ON CRUTCHES.

Splendid times at St. Catharines.

On Friday night the officers and a few soldiers held a meeting in the Schoolhouse, at the historical old hamlet of Beaverdam, when we had a blessed time. The people appreciate our lively meetings, and turn out in good numbers to welcome us.

Our week-end meetings at St. Catharines were very good. The afternoon service in the park being enjoyed by many who cannot get to our Citadel. Few enjoy them better than Father Gadsby, our oldest comrade, who is a cripple, and comes to the park on two crutches. He is always ready with a word of testimony for Jesus, and collected \$5.00 for Self-Defence.

On Sunday night we felt the Spirit's power in the meeting. Four poor souls came to God for salvation; they got the victory, every one, and all were able to give a good testimony, Regular Corps Cor.

VISIT OF MRS. ENSIGN PIERCE TO CHARLOTTETOWN.

Charlottetown. A meeting was conducted last Monday night by Adjutant Sparks, assisted by Mrs. Ellis, Sister Worth, Lieut. Wage and Ensign Anderson. A pressing invitation was given to come again. Mrs. Ensign Pierce (Law Holman) of the American War, is home on furlough—Welcome!

Joy has come to Adjutant and Mrs. Sparks and their home, in the birth of a son. God bless them, one and all.—H.

FAREWELL OF CAPTAIN MERCER.

Two Souls Found the Saviour.

We are having splendid times at Arnold's Cove. Captain Mercer has farewelled, and Lieut. A. Strickland has been appointed to fill the post. On Friday night a consecration meeting was held, and we all had a blessing of time with the Lord. One sister for salvation in the afternoon meeting, and one brother at night.—J. S.-H.

TWO SOULS AT THE MERCY SEAT.

We have welcomed into our midst at Sarnia, the newly appointed officers, Captain Lamb and Lieutenant Pearson, who are taking charge of the post. God came very near in their first meeting, and one soul came to the cross.

Grand times on Sunday. One soul as the result. To God be the glory—Observer.

A MOTHER'S PRAYER ANSWERED.

On Sunday, "Mother" Bear, in her testimony, said that her son, who had been away from home for many years, had just returned. This is truly a wonderful answer to prayer, as she knew not where her son might be, but God has seen fit to return him to her as an answer to her prayers for him. Hearty welcome was afforded to our new officers. The Band to the front all day Sunday.—C. P.

John D. McCallum, of Sarnia, has been awarded a bronze medal by the Canadian Humane Society for saving life when the steamer "Monarch" went down near Isle Royale in December, 1906. McCallum was wheelman of the "Monarch."

THE DAY OF VISITATION.

Earnest Appeals to the Unsaved.

Special memorial services were held at London on July 21st, for the victims of the recent disaster, and a large and interested crowd gathered in the Citadel. Songs and music appropriate to the occasion were rendered, and short addresses were given by various officers, touching on the lessons to be learnt from the catastrophe. Staff-Capt. McGillivray, Capt. Church, Capt. Lighthorne and Mrs. Capt. Plant each spoke, and Miss Violet Henderson soloed. Lieut. Allen bid farewell to the people, and in an earnest manner urged them to prepare to meet God.

The Band left early in order to participate in a special open-air service, at which all the religious denominations of the city were represented.

Adj. Habbirk then spoke feelingly to the audience from the text, "What will ye do in the day of visitation?" and urged the unconverted to take warning from the suddenness of the calamity, and get right with God while they had an opportunity. One woman raised her hand for prayer, and afterwards made her way out to the penitential form. A rousing open-air was afterwards held by the soldiers, and a large throng of eager listeners gathered to hear them.

A PICNIC, DEDICATION AND ENROLLMENT.

Good Reports from Alaska.

We are "all alive" at Wrangell, Alaska, and gaining ground everywhere. Recently one recruit was enrolled, and a baby dedicated to God and the Army. On the 1st of July the Juniors held their outing at an ideal spot. They enjoyed a splendid time, and returned home tired but happy. On July 4th we had a beautiful tea in the barracks, to which a good crowd did justice. We had a musical evening. The violins, guitars and mandolin were very entertaining. Speeches were made by Adj. Smith, the Sergeant-Major and Capt. Halpenny.—J. Halpenny, Capt.

WELCOME MEETINGS AT MOOSE-JAW.

Souls at the Cross.

We have had a time of victory at Moose Jaw, Sask. We welcomed Ensign and Mrs. Habbirk on Sunday morning as our new officers. One poor backslider returned and two came out for sanctification. We realized God's presence, and felt that truly, it was "good for us to be there."—F. J. G.

NEW OFFICERS WELCOMED AT NEWCASTLE, N. B.

We have just said good-bye to our officer, Captain White, who, during his stay of nine months, has been a great blessing and inspiration to us. We regret his departure. Captain Barker has come to lead us on, and Lieutenant Cleathro has gone to New Glasgow. Our band boys miss him very much. He has our best wishes and prayers.—Dixie.

Captain Fall was on the bridge at North Sydney all day Sunday. We missed Sandy, who is on a labor expedition to Belle Isle—return as soon as possible, Sergt. May, we cannot afford to lose you. Four claimed forgiveness at night.—Mart.

TOBACCO SLAVES AT THE FEET OF JESUS.

Idols Surrendered and Peace Made With God.

Some stirring meetings were held at Woodstock, Ont., last week-end. Ensign Andrews and Captain Holden have just taken charge, and the results of the first week's fighting auger well for a glorious campaign of soul saving. All day on Sunday, manifestations of the presence of God were seen, and it was evident that the Spirit was striving mightily with the people. One young man came to the penitential form at knee-drill. He had lately served a term in jail, but was now determined to lead a better life. At the meeting in the jail two prisoners expressed their desire to be saved.

A splendid open-air was held in the park in the afternoon, at which the testimonies of both young converts and old soldiers with long service badges, greatly interested the crowd. The evening meeting was conducted by Captain Church, and was marked by intense interest and deep conviction. After a hard-fought prayer meeting, four souls came forward to seek deliverance from sin. Two were tobacco slaves, and they gave up their pipes right there, and asked God to help them to conquer their besetment. Another came to be delivered from an unforgiving spirit, and when he surrendered his will to God, peace came to his heart. Everyone rejoiced and praised God for the victory.

ENSIGN AND MRS. HABBKIRK

Farewell from Wetaaskiwin.

Our worthy officers have farewelled from Wetaaskiwin, Alta., and gone to Moosejaw, this being their next appointment. The Ensign has led us on during the past thirteen months, and we have had the joy of seeing no fewer than one hundred and fifty souls find a free and full salvation. Forty enrollments have also taken place. We pray that God's richest blessing may be with our much-loved officers in their new sphere of labor.—Henry.

BESTING THE DEVIL.

On Thursday night we welcomed Captain MacGorman and Lieutenant Coty to East Toronto. We had one precious soul.

On Sunday Captain MacGorman spoke very powerfully from the Word of God, with the result, that we had the pleasure of seeing three souls at the penitential form.

On Monday we had a good time with our dear comrades at Chester.

On Tuesday night we again came in contact with the devil, and we gained the victory with two more souls for our Master, making, six souls in all, since the arrival of our new officers. Chas. J. Wright.

IMPROVING THE BARRACKS.

Norwich has been favored with a visit of the Simcoe Band.

A musical programme was given by the Band on Saturday night, which was enjoyed by all present.

The meetings on Sunday were led on by Ensign and Mrs. Clark, when one dear brother sought deliverance from sin. \$27.00 was raised for the week-end.

Our barracks has been greatly improved by a coat of paint, both inside and out, and also other improvements.—Mac.

CAPTAIN BRACE FAREWELLS.

The Springhill Juniors Bring Blessings.

Our Sunday afternoon meetings at Seaside Park, Carleton, are greatly appreciated. Last Sunday afternoon we had a public enrollment, and a good crowd, the meeting being conducted by Mrs. Major Phillips.

At knee-drill on Sunday morning, two souls knelt at the cross seeking pardon.

At night Captain Brace farewelled, and another soul sought Christ, making three for the day.

Captain Brace will be very much missed in Carleton; she has, by God's grace, been made a great blessing.

On Monday we had the Springhill Juniors with us. Brigadier Turner presided. Everything went off well. Everybody got a blessing.

SEVEN SOULS FIND PARDON.

The Barracks Gets a New Coat.

Victory is still the cry from Botwoodville, Nfld. Since Capt. Collins came to our corps, he has indeed worked hard, in order to get the Barracks painted, and now it is done. It looks fine. In two weeks we have had seven souls come forward for peace and pardon. Our faith is high for many more.—Rambler.

AN ENJOYABLE SOCIAL AT PICTON.

Since our last report we have held an ice cream social in aid of our S. J. Picnic. Everything proved satisfactory. A varied programme was given, in which several of our Seniors and Juniors took prominent parts. Mrs. Bradbury also recited in French.

We are looking forward to the coming of the Peterborough Band, and have made special arrangements for this event, at which we expect a nightly outpouring of God's Holy Spirit, and the saving of precious souls.—C.-C. A. Wood.

TILT COVE SAYS GOOD-BYE TO THEIR OFFICERS.

After having been with us for the past eighteen months, Ensign and Mrs. Baker have said good-bye to the soldiers and friends at Tilt Cove. They have gone on a well-earned rest. Since coming here, they have labored hard, and blessed results have been their reward. God be with you Ensign, and also Mrs. Baker, till we meet again.—H. Dicks, J. S.-M.

ONE SOUL FOR THE KINGDOM.

The Monday night meeting at Sault Ste Marie, Mich. was in charge of S.-M. Elliott and Brother Irwin, as Adj. and Mrs. Mercer were holding meetings at Brimley. A man who had asked for prayer on Sunday last, stood up and said he had got right with God after he was in his own room. Good meetings all day, inside and out. M. Murray.

HELP COMES FOR THE ENSIGN.

Last Sunday was a day of great blessing to us at New Glasgow, N. S. God's power was wonderfully felt and deep conviction came to many hearts. We welcomed into our midst Lieut. Cleathro, who has come to assist Ensign Ritchie. His singing and speaking was the means of great blessing and power through Christ.—Irish.

A NIGHT OF TRIUMPH.

Five at the Mercy Seat.

Fort William had a rousing time on Sunday night, July 21st, the meeting closing down at 10.45.

God was with us in mighty power, and no fewer than five persons came to God, some of whom were backsliders, and one an ex-soldier. The first man who came to the penitential form had a hard struggle for victory, but eventually came out at the top, and offered up a most beautiful prayer on his own behalf, and then went out fishing and was successful in leading out a young man, with whom both the writer and the Ensign had been pleading and struggling.—Ensign Crego, per Corps Cor. T. S. Waterworth.

A HAPPY LOT OF PEOPLE.

Full of Fire and Love For Souls.

We are thankful to be able to say, that God is indeed with us at Bay Bulls' Arm. Although our crowds are only small at present, owing to our comrades being away at the fisheries and other different places; but, nevertheless, the few that remain are witnessing the presence of the Master all along the line. Praise God! We're a happy lot o' people—yes we are! W. L. D.

TWO SOULS FOR SALVATION.

Band Forging Ahead.

Splendid meetings all day Sunday at Calgary, Alta., with two souls at the Mercy Seat as the result, one being a young man who left the Hall, but returned and found the Saviour.

The Band is going strong; yet another addition to the band, viz., Bandmaster Horman, late of Eastbourne, Eng. May God bless us here, and keep us true.—F. Sride, Band Cor.

CAPTAIN TILLER VISITS STURGEON FALLS.

Captain Tiller, the "G.R.M." man, was with us at Sturgeon Falls, Ont., last Thursday night. The Lecture was conducted chiefly by Lieut. Lewis, on account of the Captain's ill health. Everyone enjoyed the lecture, songs, etc., and many were deeply moved to conviction. God bless the Captain, and may he soon be restored to perfect health.—H. Snowball, for Lieut. Lewis. N.O.D.

TWO SOULS GAIN THE VICTORY.

Although our crowds are not as large as we would like at Musgrave Town, Nfld., we are still determined as of old, to defeat the devil. We have just arrived from the Councils at Bonavista, full of faith and fire, to do the whole will of the Master. Lieutenant Ball and myself arrived here early in the evening and held a meeting, at the close of which we rejoiced over two precious souls seeking pardon. Captain M. Blackmore is on turlough at present. We shall be glad to see her back again very soon.—E. J. Oxford, Lieut.

Hamilton Ill. Major and Mrs. Green, the new Divisional Officers for our Division, paid their initial visit to No. 111, and took on finely. The crowds appreciated their singing very much, and extended to the Major and Mrs. Green a hearty invitation to visit the corps again. At the close, two souls came forward for pardon and cleansing.—T. J. Meeks, C. O.

Prospecting in New Ontario.

A CHATTY TRAVEL PAPER BY COLONEL KYLE.



A Construction Camp, Driftwood City.

THE North Country has its fascinations and dangers—perhaps the latter are the reasons for the former. There is to the adventurous spirits among mankind, a charm about virgin forest wilds. The story books of fiction and fact have cast a glamour over the unsettled portions of the Northern Continent of America, which is experienced to-day.

New Ontario is over-run with prospectors. Men, young and old, feverish in their haste to get rich. They prospect for gold, silver, lumber, soil—any thing that will quickly amass the Almighty Dollar.

The country is rough, and travel by no means an easy task. Rivers, great and small, run for hundreds of miles, North, South, East and West, broken in their course by rapids, cataracts and falls, full of danger to canoists. The Black, the White, the Abitibi and the Frederick House rivers, also the Driftwood Creek are now navigated by scores of canoes; many young men, who are prepared to risk their lives, and who do so continually.

It was reported recently in the Toronto papers that three young men had lost their lives in an attempt to shoot the rapids on the Abitibi River, near the lake of that name. Warning was given them not to do so, as it was a dangerous proceeding, but they spurned the warning with fatal consequences. When pros-

pecting recently in New Ontario I passed the canoes that brought the bodies down the river. Four men paddled a canoe, which towed another bearing the remains, covered with green sward. Life is held very cheap through such foolhardiness. The three bodies were several weeks in the water. One of the young men was found with his arm over a branch which had failed him in the hour of his need.

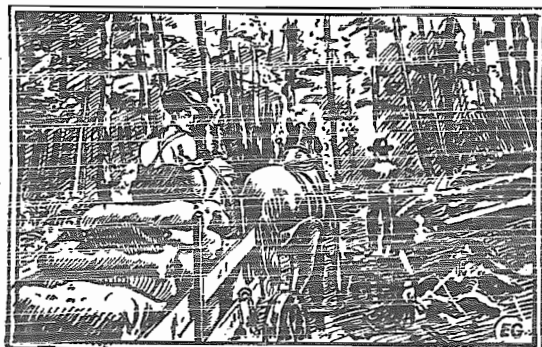
The Railroad Construction Camps in New Ontario are the abodes of hundreds of men, of many nationalities: English, Irish, Scotch, Canadian, Russian, Galatian, Italian and others. Driftwood City is the main camp of Messrs. McCue, Chudier & McVeal, who have the contract to complete the railroad to the Junction of the Transcontinental.

There is no religious work done at these camps, and men lead a very rough life.

The recent inspection of New Ontario was a rough trip for those who undertook it.

A very peculiar name is given to the construction train, by the people who are unfortunate enough to have to travel by it, because of its former liability to get "stuck up" and fail to complete the journey. It is useful, nevertheless, to those who want to go up North to the wilds.

The T. & N. O. Railroad is policed by a staff of men called fire rangers, whose duty it is to go along the track and put out fires caused by sparks



Railroad Construction Team.

from the engines or other means. Choky represents a log house, built for the purpose of jailing refractory natives, the iron bars on the windows denote its purpose. It was under construction when the writer saw it.

MY STORY.

By a Restored Backslider.

I belonged to the League, but fell away through lack of prayer and being afraid to kneel down in my barracks-room. Then the young lady I was corresponding with, wrote, saying I would have to sever my connection with the Salvation Army if I wished to correspond with her. To my shame, I cast aside my allegiance to God and the Army, and step by step sank deeper into sin. I agreed to sing for six months in one of the so-called music halls, and went from bad to worse, recklessly defying God, and sinking deeper into vice.

At last, after a long illness, I promised the Salvation Army Officer who visited me in the hospital, to come to the Naval and Military Home. I did so—again re-consecrated myself to God and promised, by His grace, to fulfill my broken vows.

From that day I have obeyed God. He has graciously condescended to use me. One of my comrades mockingly asked me if he came to the Home if I would pay for his supper. Of course I said "Yes." He was at

PROGRESS IN HOLLAND.

Interesting Frocts of Advance During Commissioner Es-till's Command.

In relinquishing the command of the Army's forces in Holland, for their new appointment in the Far East, Commissioner and Mrs. Es-till are cheered by the memory of difficulties overcome and progress won during their four and a half years in the Netherlands.

In that period twelve corps were opened, and the number of officers and cadets rose from 221 to 441. And, in addition to this, Holland again gave practical expression to her love for our Missionary Field by sending twenty-six Officers on Foreign service.

These increases also, of course, indicate considerable advance in Candidates applying for Officership, Local Officers—the number has almost doubled—Soldiers and Recruits, attendances at the meetings, and other aspects of Field work.

For the Social Work several new properties have been acquired, and the following institutions have been placed in better buildings, as well as reformed and reorganized—

Amsterdam.—Industrial Home for Men, and Rescue Home.

The Hague.—Industrial Home for Men, and Rescue Home.

Rotterdam.—Industrial Home for Men.

Utrecht.—Industrial Home for Men.



English Station, New Ontario.

that time the biggest drunkard, but to-day he is serving God! I feel that as God used the League as the means of my conversion, that the least I can do is to give my life wholly to His service in the League.

Bad as I was, God's grace keeps me utterly day by day.—Under Colors.

KING SOLOMON'S MONEY.

A coin believed to be a shekel of King Solomon's time, found by a Mashona native among the ruins of Great Zimbabwe, Rhodesia, is in the possession of Mr. D. Robinson, of Humansdorp, Cape Colony. The inscriptions are in Hebrew. On one side are the words "Holy Jerusalem" and the branch of a fig tree, and on the other, "Shekel Israel" and an incense-burner.

God made the beasts looking down towards the earth to show that their satisfaction might be brought from thence, and accordingly it does afford them what is suited to their appetite; but the erect figure of man's body, which looketh upward, shewed him that his happiness lay above him—in God—and that he was to expect it from Heaven, and not from earth.—Sel.

An Interesting Ring.

Few persons know that the Emperor William of Germany has a ring which he regards as his mascot, and which he wears at all times.

This ring has a curious history. Tradition says that a lord entered the room of elector John of Brandenburg one night and laid a small stone on the bed, after which it disappeared. This stone, though of no intrinsic value, has ever since been regarded as one of the chief treasures of the Hohenzollern family. The father of Frederick the Great had it mounted in a ring, and since then the ring has been worn by the head of the Hohenzollerns.

How much faith the present Emperor has in its virtues no one knows, but it is significant, that, though he wears it, he also always carries in his pocket a loaded revolver.

Our International News Letter.

SWEDEN.

Official news from Stockholm to hand respecting the Annual Congress at present in session, states:—

"Commissioner Booth-Tucker is leading the Annual Congress; 850 Officers, hundreds of Locals and soldiers present.

For the Sodetelge demonstration twenty steamers, flying the Army Flag, and packed from end to end, with bands playing, were employed.

In this manner we proceeded to the famous spot, where four mighty gatherings were held.

The most beautiful sight of all were the rows of seekers, who knelt at the Mercy Seat.

The Band Festival, the Juniors' Demonstration and the Soldiers' gatherings excited tremendous interest. Glorious waves of enthusiasm and blessing were realized.

Officers and Soldiers united in prayer and work to support the Commissioner, and make the meetings a success."

HOLLAND.

The officers and soldiers of Amsterdam, have extended a very cordial welcome to Holland's new leaders, Commissioner and Mrs. Ridsdel.

In the unavoidable absence of the Foreign Secretary, Commissioner Nicol introduced the new Leaders, read a stirring message from the General, sang two solos in Dutch, and, of course, interspersed with his addresses, profuse illustrations from our Japanese battlefield.

GERMANY.

A rather interesting incident occurred this week in Kiel. There is at the moment, in the city, a "Motor-boat Exhibition," and one of our Sergeants has permission to sell her papers in the same. This week, being the finish of the Exhibition, a march was organized. Baron von Moltke led the same, and seeing our War Cry Sergeant, he brought her up to the front, and she marched with him. He also spoke very kindly of the organization and had a photograph taken, which he desires shall be printed in the

twenty-five souls publicly sought the Mercy Seat. The Army's work in Hamburg is rapidly progressing. The grant of the authorities towards the new Men's Home, has increased the Army's influence considerably.

SOUTH AFRICA.

It is of the utmost importance that Cadets, during their term of training, should receive practical instruction in Field Work. With a view to securing scope for this, it has been decided that, for the time being, at any rate, the Western Division shall be attached to the Training College. Lieut.-Colonel Osborne will, in addition to her duties as Principal of the College, occupy the position of Divisional Officer for the West. The Colonel's

INDIA.

During the recent troublesome times in the Punjab, Staff-Captain Fatah Jung of Butala, sent a letter to the Deputy Commissioner of Gurdaspore, intimating that all Salvationists in his Division were loyal to the Government, and would continue so. The Deputy Commissioner has replied in very kindly terms.

The Harvest Festival totals of the Punjab and North-West Territory are very encouraging. Brigadier Vishram Das reports that the Territory is free from debt, and that there would be a fair balance in hand before the new Territorial Commander took charge.

An interesting item comes from the Satara School, connected with the

AUSTRALIA.

Branches of the Anti-Suicide Bureau have been established at Sydney, Melbourne, Brisbane, Adelaide, and Perth. In a recent communication to the "War Cry," Commissioner McKie says there is every reason to believe that similar gratifying results will attend this special work at Australia, as have been met with in Great Britain, the Continent of Europe and America. The Press has done much to advertise the Bureau, and has been loud in its praise of the practical work already accomplished.

After a heavy month's labor in New Zealand, and Tasmania, Commissioner McKie returned to Headquarters. He was accompanied by Mrs. McKie, who joined him at Hobart, where she was inspecting the Rescue operations of the Island. Mrs. McKie accepted four Candidates for the Rescue Work whilst in Launceston.

The Commissioner conducted the Melbourne Rescue Annual in the Town Hall. The programme included some excellent items by inmates of various Social Institutions, the little girls supplying a prominent part.

During Commissioner McKie's visit to New Zealand, he went exhaustively into the affairs of each of the Provinces, and was most gratified to find a steady rise in each command. The Colony is enjoying remarkable prosperity, and it is pleasing to find that our comrades over the Tasman Sea are keeping step in the march of progress.

SOUTH AFRICA.

Commissioner Richards, accompanied by Major Cunningham and Major Deverell, left for Mafekingland on Tuesday, 19th July.

While visiting the Old Soesterse Hospital the other day, Mrs. Lieut.-Colonel Rauch met Lady Holy-Hutchinson, wife of the Lieut.-Governor of Cape Colony. Her Ladyship had considerable conversation with Mrs. Rauch; displaying much interest in the work and making very kind and particular enquiries as to the progress towards recovery of a Salvationist.

For the first seven weeks of this Siege, over six hundred souls are reported as having sought Salvation.

The equipments of the Army's printing works at Cape Town, has been brought up to date by the addition of a Linotype machine of the latest pattern. The "War Cry" will, in a week or two, be set up almost entirely by this.

NORWAY.

Commissioner and Mrs. Booth-Tucker's visit to the Norwegian Congress, held at Christiania, was of a most blessed character. The Officers were full of inspiration, and, at this salvation meetings, 208 seekers were registered at the penitent form.

ICELAND.

Adjutant Petersen states that at recent meetings held in the interests of the Social Work there, several leading ladies of Reykjavik favored them with their presence. They also, on hearing the social statistics mentioned by Mrs. Adjutant Petersen, cordially invited her to call on their assistance at such times as this might be needed.

DENMARK.

Twenty-four Candidates will be going into training for Officership next session, which commences in August.



Lord Curzon in His Robes as Chancellor, and His Pages.

Lord Curzon, as the Chancellor of the University of Oxford, conferred the Degree of Doctor of Civil Law on our General in the Sheldonian Theatre on June 11th.

long and varied experience of Salvation Army Work, will make this arrangement one from which the Division will derive all the benefit, as well as advantage to the Cadets.

The Bloomsfontein Council has granted our Labor Yard in that city, the use of a piece of ground adjoining our premises, for a term of five years. Speaking to the motion, Councillor Nathan said he thought the Labor Yard a most excellent thing, as it was a means of compelling people to pay, by way of labor, for the food and shelter they received. Other councillors also spoke in favor of the proposal.

A Fort Elizabeth I. correspondent writes to the South African Cry as follows:

"There is hardly any need to comment on the 'War Cry,' the score speaks for itself; but this may be a tip worth taking. One of our Local Officers recently approached a gentleman, who loves our work, with the suggestion that he should buy a dozen 'War Cry's for the Telegraph Messengers' waiting room; another gentleman had the same the following week, and last Saturday night, another, who must have heard, and appreciates the idea, came and bought a further dozen for this purpose."

Maratha Territory. A baby was born in the jungle, and the mother, in her difficulty, resolved upon taking its life, but was arrested in the nick of time by the police. The police superintendent and the local collector, being puzzled as to how best to dispose of the child to secure its safety, it was suggested that the only body likely to take any interest in the welfare of the infant would be the Salvation Army. The child was accordingly brought to the Satara School and received by the Officer in Charge. This act on the part of the Army created much interest among the people, and there were many visitors to see the child. Sad to relate, however, the poor little babe died shortly after its admission, and was given an Army funeral.

It is reported that the monsoons in the Punjab Territory have come on very nicely, and that the people are busy and hopeful.

Officers in the Colombo District, with the Cadets of the Men's Training Home, led by Brigadier Perera, have launched a literature boom and doubled the "War Cry" order for the month of June. They are also putting forth a special effort to bombard the liquor shops and taverns, and rescue drunkards. Prospects are ripe for an all-round advance everywhere.



Commissioner W. E. Oliphant. Commanding Our Work in Germany.

"Kriegsruß." he then gave \$1.50 for our work, and, in the real German fashion, cried three times, "Hoch, Hoch, Hoch," for the Salvation Army.

Commissioner Oliphant recently spent a Sunday in Hamburg, where he held three meetings. Two of them were in the "Hammonia House," and one in the garden of our Men's Home. All the three were well attended, and

THE ARMY AIDS AN ENGLISH PEER.

A Truly Dramatic Situation.

The newspapers of Boston, Mass., have been regaling their readers with a story which, if a positive fact—and there seems very little reason to doubt its being so—is as dramatic an event as has happened within Salvation Army circles for some time.

The Boston American thus gives the story:

"Under the name of Courtney, with plain Mister as a title, the Salvation Army has been entertaining for several weeks one of the wealthiest peers of England. Glad to act as assistant janitor in return for his room and board at the People's Palace, his lordship worked faithfully and well, not knowing that an income of \$350,000 had fallen to him by inheritance.

"When Mr. Courtney crawled into the Salvation Army Headquarters six weeks ago, on the point of collapse, ragged and miserable, it was seen even then that he was a man of superior breeding; but so many pathetic cases of the kind come to the attention of the Army that Courtney's seemed little different from the others, save that his condition was much worse than the average.

Sounds Like a Fairy Tale.

"Middle-aged and quite deaf, Courtney had found it impossible to get work in Boston, and for four days had literally starved before driven to ask for bread from the Army. Then he was too weak to eat, and they put him to bed, and coaxed him back to health.

"A week ago Courtney received a telegram from a New York lawyer announcing the death in England of his uncle—one of the wealthiest members of the peerage—and the inheritance by Courtney of title and fortune. To those in whom Courtney confided the story, it sounded like a dream—like the most wonderful fairy tale come true—but the assistant janitor of the People's Palace took his good fortune without a sign of excitement. He even refused at first to accept money enough to cable to his London solicitors, and his message was a fitting chapter of the strange story.

Mother Died Recently.

"Telegraph Dispatch," he ordered, "to open the West Gate of Dunstan Towers and let the people pass through. Notify the tenants on the estate that upon my return rents will be reduced, and that I will make allowance for all improvements made during my absence."

"And then," Courtney told his story to Capt. Sulzer, manager of the People's Palace. His mother, he said, was of noble family. After the death of his father the mother had married again—this time a man of humble birth, and had been discarded by her brother, the Earl.

"The second husband died penniless, and Courtney and his mother came to America twenty-eight years ago. They wandered all over the country, but his growing deafness made it more and more difficult for him to earn a living, and recently the mother died in Springfield. Since then Courtney had practically starved until helped by the Salvation Army.

"Courtney went to New York Monday, and it is believed is now on his way to England."

"If you get God's love in your heart, worldliness will drop off like dead leaves off a live tree."

Opportunity Is No Laggard. A Glorious 42nd Anniversary.

(Continued from page 9)

SHE IS PLAYING A LUSTY ANVIL CHORUS ON EVERY MAN'S DOOR.

Read This If You Want an Inspiration.



HERE is a gray-bearded maxim, honored on account of its venerable age, which runs thus: "Opportunity knocks once at every man's door." John L. Ingalls once went a-somnolence around this proverb, and some say he wrote the finest sonnet ever written by an American. I am inclined to think this is so; and if it is, it proves for us that truth is one thing and poetry another.

The actual fact is, that in this day, Opportunity not only knocks at your door, but is playing an anvil chorus on every man's door, and lays for the owner round the corner with a club. The world is in sore need of men who can do things. Indeed, cases can easily be recalled where Opportunity actually smashed in the door and colored her candidate and dragged him forth to success. Those cases are exceptional; usually you have to meet Opportunity half way. But the only way we can get away from Opportunity is to lie down and die. Opportunity does not trouble dead men, nor dead ones who flatter themselves that they are alive.

Don't Repine.

The reason more men do not hear Opportunity when she knocks, is because they are knocking at the time. Let no man repine on account of lack of early advantages. Keno-ripes run away from advantages—they can not digest them. "If I had my say I would set all young folks to work and send the old ones to school," said Socrates, 420 B.C.

What Socrates meant, was that after you have battled a bit with actual life, and begun to feel your need for education, you are, for the first time, ready to take advantage of your opportunities and learn.

Education is a matter of desire. An education can not be imparted. It has to be won, and you win by working.

And this fact also holds: The best educated men are those who get their brain development out of their daily work, or at the time they are doing the work. Quitting work, in order to get an education was the idea of a monk, who fled from the world because he thought it was bad, a fallacy we have happily outgrown. It takes work to get an education; it takes work to use it and it takes work to keep it.

College Blunders.

The great blunder of the colleges is that they have lifted men out of life in order to educate them for life. All educated college men know this and acknowledge it.

In his last Annual Report, President Eliot, of Harvard, made a strong appeal to parents to get their children into the practical world of life as soon as possible, and not expect a college degree to insure success.

Those who want to grow and evolve, should not give too much time to the latest novel and daily paper. Don't spread yourselves out thin. Concentrate on a few things—the very best educated men do not know everything.

Choose what you will be and then get at it. You'll win.

If you quit, it simply shows you did not want an education; you only thought you did—you are not willing to pay the price.

A Lesson From a Prison.

The other day, in the Michigan State Penitentiary, at Jackson, I saw in a convict's cell three architect's designs tacked on the wall, and, on a shelf, were several books from a correspondence school.

"Is it possible," I asked Dr. Pray, the prison doctor, "that a convict is taking a correspondence course in architecture?"

"Not only that," was the reply, "but a good many of our men are studying hard to better their mental condition. This particular man has gotten beyond the amateur stage. You see, he has been working at his course for three years. He draws plans for us and is doing work for parties outside."

Then we hunted up the man, and found him in the unbarred shop. He seemed pleased to know that I had noticed his work.

"You see," he said, "I only work six hours a day for the State, and after that my time is my own, and I try to improve it; there are no bowling alleys, pool rooms or saloons here—no place to go to." And he smiled. I tried to, but couldn't—my eyes were filled with tears. A convict getting a practical education, and so many of us who think we are free frittering away our time.

If, in its anxiety to present itself, Opportunity will break into jail, surely those outside can not complain of Opportunity's lack of persistence in hunting out the ready and willing.

What Music Wrought.

Converted in the Park.

The following story was told to a congregation in Australia, by the minister of a certain church:—

"My brother and sister-in-law have recently passed through a sad bereavement. They had one dearly-loved child and it was taken from them quite suddenly. Alas! they knew not the Comforter Divine!

"As they lived right away in the bush, they had come to the next town for the burial.

"The afternoon after the sad service they were both sitting in the park, when the Army band passed by, play-

ing 'Safe in the Arms of Jesus.' Truly, a God-inspired message! A look passed between them. Not a word was spoken, but both then and there, they knelt down by that garden seat and sought the Saviour, and they were not disappointed."

While, waiting for our train in the Union Depot in St. Louis, there was a dear old lady sitting in the waiting room writing a postal card. She had just written the words, "I am taking the train—" and dropped dead. She had a ticket to Colorado Springs and return, and was evidently changing trains in St. Louis. How swiftly and unexpectedly death comes! Let us make the most of life and its opportunities. It may be our turn next.

should go up the chimney altogether. (Loud laughter.)

Pray!

"Well, my comrades, I think I am best looking after myself and doing my Master's work. It will pay here and pay in eternity. I feel that I must be doing (Amen), for I see all around me crowds of people rushing to and fro in a vain search for gain and pleasure, and recreation, and I say, 'Oh, my God, is there anything beneath the sun that calls for the adoption of novel methods and restless determination to do something desperate like that object for which Thou hast called me? No, my comrades, no! (Volleys.)

"Tray for me. Pray that this motto may speak of salvation to the people. Pray that everything in this Campaign may speak of God, of eternity, and of blessing for the bodies and souls of the people.

"For you I leave a motto, which I have put together:—

"No excuse will be accepted for the neglect of duty in the forty-third year upon which we are now entering. May God bless you!"

And the White Car wheeled forward and round the Terrace to more volleys of cheers, star rockets exploding in mid-air, lights blazing all along the course, and disappearing in a mass of shrubbery. The General was, to repeat his expression, "Off again!" but freighted with the prayers and good wishes of an uncountable host.

Under the Bass Tree.

The Scene of Many Salvation Victories.

Travelers have related that in England there is a wonderful tree, supposed to be the oldest in the world, in which religious devotees sit for days and nights waiting for its leaves to fall. These leaves are supposed to possess wonderful properties of healing, and the first one who catches and eats a falling leaf is restored, they believe, to a state of youth and freshness.

We cannot ascribe such miraculous properties to the spreading bass tree under which our comrades at London 11, hold their meetings, but nevertheless it is likely to be regarded as a very sacred landmark; for beneath its leafy boughs they have experienced some remarkable times of blessing, and souls have been born into the Kingdom of God.

The New Hall.

A stone-throw away rise the foundations of the new barracks which is being erected, and which is designed to be a most substantial edifice, built of cement blocks, and capable of accommodating at least 2500 people.

Envoys and Mrs. Ward are at present leading on the forces, and the nucleus of a thriving corps exists in the soldiers who live in the neighborhood. Five Dutch comrades and their families are conspicuous amongst the warriors of this new corps, and some grey haired old land officers just rejoice at the opportunity of doing exploits for God and the Army in London South.

The people in the locality are very favorably disposed towards the Army, and have given many expressions of their good-will and appreciation. Capt. Lamb and Lieut. Pearson are to take charge shortly.

OUR FRIENDS.—The War Cry Boomers.



Candidate Florence Dow, Campbellton, N.B.

A Wonderful Clock.

Masterpiece of Mechanism Exhibited by Peasant to the Czar.

The Czar recently received, at Peterhor Palace, a peasant, named Franz Karass, who presented an extraordinary masterpiece of clockwork of his own invention. The clock registered the time, the months' and days' duration, day and night, the hour of sunrise and sunset and the phases of the moon as well as the movement of the earth around the sun.

The hour plate and mirror glass are covered with black enamel, and are more than a yard high by a yard wide. The mechanism is of copper and the working is quite noiseless. The clock

weighs 720 pounds. It needs winding once in 400 days.

Karass has been working on the invention for twenty-two years in making the design, and spent six years in constructing the works.

Secrets of Soul-Winning.

By Commissioner McKie.

The successful soul-winner ought to be a man who has the clearest evidence that God has saved him. Without doubt, too, he ought to know that he is sanctified continually. Any wavering on that point will weaken his hands. He ought to be a man who studies his Bible and is given to prayer. Not only prayer that God will bless his own soul, but he ought to have certain hours in which he goes to his room, and shutting out everything and everybody, wrestles with God for the unsaved. The promise is, "Pray in secret and I will reward you openly." A little bit of fasting is not a bad thing either. The Lord's answer to His disciples, when they asked Him why they could not cast out the devil, was, "This kind goeth not out but by prayer and fasting!"

The Queen's Bedchamber.

A Great Apartment.

At Buckingham Palace the Queen's bedchamber is an immense room. It is at least twenty feet high, and has eight great windows on one side alone. There is not much furniture in it—at least the room is so big that it looks barely furnished. In the centre of one side is the great bed. The bed is very high—so high, in fact, that cushioned steps run around it, by

which one gets in and out. It has a canopy and the royal arms in glittering gold on top. Sixteen curtains, it need be, cover it entirely. The other features of the room, which is done in dull green, are also on a huge scale. They are a dressing table in front of one of the windows and two wardrobes with great plate glass doors and rows of drawers. Each wardrobe is fully ten feet high and a dozen feet in length.

On one side of the bedchamber is another room, the walls of which are lined with similar wardrobes. A door from this room leads into the King's suite of apartments. On the other side of the bedroom is an ante-room of small square corridor. The nearest door in this gives entrance to Her Majesty's bathroom, a superb little apartment, done in marble and onyx, with silver fittings. The further door leads into the Queen's own particular boudoir, done in rose pink and moss green, the walls covered with silk.

Another door out of the bedroom leads into another ante-room, furnished with lounges and chairs ranged round the walls. It is a very large room, and mirrors line one wall. It is the waiting room for the ladies, maids of honor and others in attendance at the moment on the Queen.

A SWORDFISH'S PROWESS.

While repairing a ship recently which had completed a long voyage in Southern waters, a swordfish was found which had successfully pierced a sheeting one inch thick, a three-inch plank, and beyond that, four and a half inches of firm timber. It has been estimated that it would require nine strokes of a hammer weighing twenty-five pounds, to drive an iron bolt of similar shape the same distance.

For Each Duty.

By Commissioner Kilbey.

The baptism of the Holy Ghost is not to be received once and for all, but repeatedly, as an equipment for each difficulty or need. No success in a meeting has ever robbed me of the sense of utter dependence upon the presence of the Holy Ghost in my heart for the next engagement. In many tight corners the same principle has been a great source of strength to me.

When circumstances have compelled me to take an unpleasant course of action, I have sought the guidance of the Holy Spirit, and then followed what I thought to be the right course, irrespective of consequences. No matter what reflections on my personal character or integrity of purpose were involved, having fought out the question on my knees, I have been able to go straight forward, and cheerfully shoulder the consequences of the decision.

PICKS LOCKS WITH A BOOTLACE.

George Thompson was committed for trial at Wilmslow, the other day for burglary at Alderley. It was stated that while he was on remand, he managed to pick the lock of his cell with a bootlace, and was quietly walking out of the police-station, when he was seen and re-arrested.

Affliction acts like the wind upon the trees, making them take deeper root; it is the mowing of the grass that it may shoot up thicker and greener; it is the shaking of the torch that it may burn brighter.—Bonar.

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